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## RUSSIA AND POLAND.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S answers to the Notes of the three Powers scarcely correspond to the sanguine expectations which had been raised by conjectural rumours of their tenor. The communication to England is rather courteous than conciliatory, and, in substance, all the serious proposals of the three Governments are absolutely rejected. It may be admitted that the project of an armistice presents almost insuperable difficulties; yet it would be impossible to negotiate in the midst of carnage and cruelty. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF refuses to treat with the insurgents, except on the basis of their unconditional submission, and he further declines to enter into a Congress or Conference for the discussion of questions which he describes as details of the internal administration of Poland. As Russia has frequently concerted with Austria and Prussia measures for the more effective confiscation of Polish rights, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF is willing to enter into negotiation with the Courts which were concerned in the original partition; but the rights of the other European Powers are disposed of by the extraordinary argument that the first Article of the Treaty of Vienna, which contains the obligations incurred by Russia towards Poland, "was prepared by and directly emanated from His Majesty the Emperor ALEXANDER I." A stranger reason for repudiating a national pledge than the statement that it was voluntarily offered by the SOVEREIGN himself, can scarcely be found in the records of diplomacy. The Russian answer gravely complicates the negotiations, which were expected to take a smoother course. Austria has already refused to enter into any separate arrangement with Russia and Prussia; and it is scarcely probable that France will tamely submit to an unqualified rebuff. The embarrassing position of England was generally recognised in the debate in the House of Commons, on Monday last. The determination of the Austrian Government will perhaps render it possible to postpone a final decision between abstinence from further action and an unwelcome war; but it is not satisfactory that English policy should depend either on accident or on the resolutions of foreign Governments.

Mr. HORSMAN'S powerful and elaborate speech illustrated both the advantages and the drawbacks of political oratory. No great practical question can be adequately discussed in the colourless style which befits level narrative or scientific reasoning. In their language and in their measures, statesmen must take into account the passions of men as well as their opinions, and when they require support in daring courses of action, they must appeal to the nobler impulses of their countrymen. Mere statements of fact become clearer in the skilful arrangement, and even through the artistic exaggerations, of the practised orator, yet experience suggests habitual distrust of rhetorical demonstrations. The conflicting motives and obstinate difficulties of practical affairs seldom fit with perfect accuracy into the periods of an eloquent speech; and even if the House of Commons had been wholly exempt from prepossession, Mr. HORSMAN would have failed to satisfy his hearers that the Polish question presented a simple issue, ripe for a confident decision. As Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out, his solution of the problem involved a series of hypothetical conditions which, even if they had been partially attainable, were not connected with one another by any natural sequence. If Austria would prove her sincerity by the abandonment of Galicia, Prussia was to surrender Posen; and ancient Poland was to be reconstituted by the annexation to the existing Kingdom of all the provinces which have been incorporated with Russia. A house of cards is a pretty fabric, but Mr. HORSMAN built up his imaginary edifice without either providing for the security of his foundation or calculating its relation to the superstructure. It is probable that the goodwill of Austria to the Poles may be

genuine, although there is little likelihood that Galicia will be tendered as a pledge of amity. Prince METTERNICH'S offer to sacrifice the province was made in 1815 under the avowed conviction that Russia would reject the scheme of Polish independence, and in the fifty years which have since elapsed, the Austrian Government has been bound to Galicia by the ties of habit, by material interests, and, above all, by the crimes of 1846. The Austrian Empire, however, might subsist even if the spoils of Poland were relinquished; but Posen, lying between the ancient March of Brandenburg and the Duchy which has given a little to the Kingdom, is indispensable to Prussia. Although Mr. HORSMAN distinguishes, with questionable taste, between WILLIAM I. and his subjects, the Prussian nation would unanimously refuse to relinquish a province in which half the population is already German. It is strange that an orator who insists on the disruption of Prussia as a portion of his policy should fail to understand that he is furnishing the best justification for the BISMARCK Convention with Russia. The ulterior proposal of erecting a Polish State with twenty-five millions of inhabitants may well have been, as Mr. GLADSTONE observed, too much for the courage of any English Government. Doubtful questions of national duty are suddenly simplified when they are reduced to a choice between inaction and an impracticable enterprise. There was little advantage in pressing a Polish crusade on Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL, when Lord DERBY, their only possible successor, had, as Mr. HORSMAN complained, publicly expressed his want of sympathy with the independence of Poland. Of the two great parties, the Government has, in the present instance, bid highest for Mr. HORSMAN'S support.

It was certain that the House of Commons must reject a resolution which would have cut the ground of negotiation from under the feet of the English diplomatists. It may or may not be abstractedly desirable to place Poland under the conditions of the Treaty of Vienna; but it is not for the interest of the Poles that England should relinquish the legal right of remonstrating or interfering in their behalf. It may be true that the arrangements of 1815 have proved, in the result, the justice of Lord CASTLEREAGH'S unfavourable anticipations. Nevertheless, Russia, having actual possession of the Kingdom of Poland, holds the territory by a title which is absolute, unless it is qualified by the terms of the treaty. According to an old legal maxim, "Wrong raveneth all he possesseth;" or, in other words, a mere intruder, until he is ejected, enjoys a fee-simple unrestrained by covenants, entails, or limitations. An alien despotism, modified by vague diplomatic promises, is not an eligible form of government; but the Emperor ALEXANDER II., in partially acknowledging the obligations of Vienna, has made an advance on NICHOLAS I., who affected to have conquered Poland in 1831. In the future discussion of the question, it will be convenient to avoid a misapprehension which Mr. HORSMAN shares with almost all recent commentators on the negotiations of Vienna. It is an error to suppose that Prussia and Austria were acting in concert, nor was Lord CASTLEREAGH himself seriously concerned for the independence of Poland. The proposal of reconstructing the ancient Kingdom was merely used as an answer to the menacing projects of ALEXANDER and CZARTORISKI. If the policy of the partition was to be reversed, CASTLEREAGH and METTERNICH argued that Poland ought to be restored to independence as well as to unity; and since it was known that Russia would regard such a scheme as wholly inadmissible, the alternative which was practically urged consisted in an equal division among the three partitioning Powers. Prince HARDENBERG, on the part of Prussia, concurred in the first ostensible proposal; but he afterwards cordially supported the designs of the Emperor ALEXANDER, on the alleged ground that a Constitutional Poland would be a source of weakness to Russia, and with the real object of

obtaining Russian support for the Prussian claim of annexing the entire Kingdom of Saxony. At that time, the feeling of the Poles was wholly favourable to Russia, as the only Power which was strong enough to resist further subdivision of the national territory. In a choice among conflicting cupidities, it might seem comparatively desirable to be swallowed whole; and CZARTORISKI might even now apologize for his work on the ground that the Russian Kingdom of Poland secured, through his efforts, a semi-existent character, which all Europe at present recognises. If the limits of Posen and Galicia had been largely extended in 1815, the mysterious Government of Warsaw would now issue its decrees to a smaller population.

Mr. KINGLAKE naturally noticed a change of tone towards the French Government on the part of his own former political ally. Mr. HORSMAN, as well as Mr. ROEBUCK, has been converted to a belief in Imperial justice and moderation. His new-born confidence derives little support from the language of the Parisian press, which always represents, with approximate fidelity, either official policy, or the policy which the Government wishes the world to believe that it may adopt. French politicians have once more opened the map of Europe for the purpose of correcting its boundary lines. If Russia is to be thrust back from the Vistula, French notions of symmetry require that the balance of territory should be readjusted in all parts of the Continent. Austria is to receive Bavaria and Saxony in exchange for Galicia and Venetia, and Prussia will be compensated by Hanover, which is supposed by French speculators to be an English province, for the loss of the left bank of the Rhine. England is to be persuaded, if possible, that France is weakened by the possession of the Rhenish frontier, and, in case of remonstrance, the English aristocracy is to be reminded that it stands over an abyss of revolution. Mr. HORSMAN may object that extravagant schemes of repartition merely originate with unauthorized journalists, but it is impossible for the present generation to forget the seizure of Savoy and Nice. The Emperor of the FRENCH has betrayed his design of territorial aggrandizement, and it can under no circumstances suit the interest or honour of England to facilitate the dismemberment of Germany. At present, there is not sufficient reason for engaging in a war with Russia, although Prince GORTSCHAKOFF'S reply to Lord RUSSELL is evasive and unsatisfactory. Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. KINGLAKE conclusively showed that it is absurd to restrict diplomatic intervention to cases where the employment of force is the necessary alternative of concession. It will be the duty of the Government to pursue the negotiations, in concert with Austria and France, until it appears that it is impossible to effect any substantial good for Poland. If France resorts to arms, a question may possibly arise as to the expediency of common action; but in all probability the Government and the country will abide by their present determination to avoid a war in the absence of any sufficient motive of expediency or duty. The debates in the two Houses of Parliament present, with unusual fulness and accuracy, the antagonistic considerations which, on the whole, resolve themselves into a pacific policy.

#### FRANCE.

THE new MINISTER of the INTERIOR seems to go on much as his predecessor did, and is as furious against Mayors, and as indignant against all authorities to whom the mismanagement of an election can be imputed, as M. DE PERSIGNY could have been. When first the unknown great man took to the water of Government, there were many little frogs that hoped he was not a bird of the real tyrannical sort, but he has shown them that he is as much to be dreaded as those who came before him. The truth is that Imperialism cannot alter. There has been some change in France. In the great towns, as M. DE PERSIGNY put it, the old parties have played a trick upon universal suffrage; that is, a desire has been shown for some sort of political liberty. There are also signs of reviving intellectual life in France, and there is a stir of thought, which, however apparently remote from politics, cannot fail ultimately to have a great political influence. Especially on religious questions there is a boldness and depth of thought, and a habit of contrasting the superficial mediocrity of the present with the profound greatness of the past, which suggests reflexions decidedly adverse to Imperialism. The EMPEROR personally never stands in the way of intellectual liberty. On the contrary, he has on many occasions befriended the victims of ignorant intolerance. Nor does he openly seek to restrain the growing desire of a small minority of Frenchmen for freedom. He has a decided leaning towards original thought

of every kind, and he knows that it would be a very petty ambition if he were to try for a few years to build up a tyranny like that of the Roman Empire in its decay. But he is also well aware that liberty, in any satisfactory sense of the word, and Imperialism are incompatible. He does not wish to be the head of a free people. He wishes to be the guide and master of a clever but obedient people. It is not to be supposed that the result of the late elections was agreeable to him. He was far too wise to quarrel with the choice of Paris; but he knows that what Paris really wants is something which he can never give. He is perfectly ready to favour democracy, to swim in the current of popular ideas, and to take up the dreams of the mass as if they furnished the clue to political truth; for Imperialism is based on satisfying those aspirations of democracy that cannot be conveniently repressed. The probable result of the elections is, not that the EMPEROR will throw himself into the path of political freedom, and gradually pave the way for Parliamentary Government, but that he will play off the democracy of France against that party which really desires liberty. It must be remembered that, in these elections, the clerical party has shown an unexpected weakness, and therefore one great cause of the hesitation which he has hitherto displayed is now withdrawn. Many years ago, the First NAPOLEON said that he could, if he pleased, have made France Protestant. The substantial indifference of Frenchmen to Catholicism, except as a symbol of opposition to England, which NAPOLEON thus showed he had comprehended, has been conspicuously displayed in the recent defeat of the clergy at the elections. One restraining force has thus been withdrawn, and the EMPEROR is so far more free than he appeared a year ago to think himself, if he conceives that some radical and striking change in Europe must signalize his renewed and more determined adherence to the cause of democracy.

Every one agrees that he has not rooted his dynasty in France, and that his death would cause a confusion of which no human being can even guess the issue. But it is also universally admitted that he longs to found a dynasty, not only from a general wish that he may not have laboured in vain, but also because he is a tender father, and wishes to secure the fortunes of his son. When he looks into the future, and sees all dark and vague before him, and when he recalls the course of French history in the last century, he must feel how difficult it is for him, by any contrivances, to make sure that, when he is gathered to his fathers, his little son will reign in his stead. But if he cannot secure this, he can at least secure that his race shall have perpetual chances of regaining what they may lose. As the wheel of fortune turns round in France, it is sure from time to time to bring uppermost the family that has managed to associate its name with the cause of the people, and which has striven and conquered in fields the memory of which is dear to the mass of the nation. The Government of France may change, but that party has the best chance of governing which has made itself the representative of the artisans, and the peasants, and the small proprietors, and of all those who find in dreams of cosmopolitan fraternity a recompense for the slavery of domestic equality. It is said that when the EMPEROR determined on the Italian war, he was told that the *bourgeoisie* were opposed to it. He replied that the *bourgeoisie* were only three out of every hundred Frenchmen. This saying is the key to much of his foreign policy. He cannot reckon on the *bourgeoisie*. They would throw him and his family overboard in order to get back Parliamentary Government. They have carried Paris against him. But if he can only get the other ninety-seven out of the hundred with him, and stamp himself upon their memory as their champion, he has the best of all securities that France will befriend him and his descendants. The Italian war went far to win him the affections of the democracy, and if he thinks it necessary to stimulate their waning affections, he is sure not to lose an opportunity. The only reason for thinking that the dispute with Russia about Poland may end in war, is that no possible step which the EMPEROR could take would so endear him to the mass of French people, especially in Paris and in the large towns, as to declare war on behalf of Poland. Even at the last elections at Paris, no candidate had a chance of being returned who was suspected of lukewarmness about Poland. The EMPEROR has many motives to keep him back. He knows all that war costs, and how long and unprofitable its operations may be; he is aware of the risk he would run if he started in this great enterprise without England, and of the extreme difficulty of getting England to join with him. But, at the same time, to fight for Poland is a great temptation to him. Nothing could make his name and his family so dear to the ordinary labouring French-



man, and this is the sort of vague affection which he is aware is the best guarantee for the perpetuity of his dynasty. It may be uncertain who will succeed him, but he may reasonably calculate that France will never long or wholly forget the son of the champion of suffering democracy in Italy and Poland. It would be absurdly presumptuous to say that he will decide on war, and, in spite of the extraordinary activity now prevailing in the preparations of the French army, he may very probably have no intention of doing more than making a demonstration. But if he does not seize this opportunity of allying himself with the democracy of France, he will scarcely fail to choose some other, and for the sake of his family will endeavour, before he gets too old, to associate his name in the hearts of Frenchmen, more than he has done already, with the cause of those nations whom France loves and patronises. How intimately he is bound up with the Governments founded or aided by French democracy is apparent from the pains taken to avoid anything like a rupture with Italy. There is a soreness in Italy against France, and in France against Italy; and yet, when the two Governments have to deal with each other, they take care that all shall go smoothly and pleasantly. According to the rules of international law, it is difficult to see why the arrest of the five brigands in the port of Genoa should not have been legal, provided they were natives of any part of Italy except that still under the POPE or the Austrians; for although the French have pushed the claims of the commanders of private vessels further than we have done, this has always been for the maintenance of discipline, and not for the protection of strangers not belonging to the crew. But the French, for some reason or other, appear to have taken exception to the legality of the arrest; and this might have led to a coolness between the two Governments, if it had not been fortunately at the same time remembered that Italy might with one hand liberate her prisoners, and with the other reclaim them under an agreement for extradition.

Still, although France will do exactly as its EMPEROR bids it—and its EMPEROR has strong motives for taking up some day a cause like that of Poland—yet no one can prophesy what France will do; for, when everything depends on the will of one man, there are many elements of disturbance in every calculation. It is by no means certain that the EMPEROR will follow a long-sighted and consistent policy. He has fixed habits and tastes now long formed, and is subject to a variety of petty influences like every one else. M. DE PERSIGNY, for example, is generally supposed to have ruled in the Home Office much longer than the EMPEROR wished. But the EMPEROR is very shy and very grateful, and he was keenly alive to the unpleasantness of having to dismiss so faithful a follower. At last the elections gave him an opportunity, and he got rid of the rampant devotion of his old ally. But he only acted when an opportunity made it quite easy for him to act. In the same way, the elections have shown him that he may make himself easy about the opposition of the priests, and there is nothing which democracy loves so much as a ruler that braves the clergy. But little causes may prevail over great ones. The EMPRESS is what the French call devout, and he himself has now adopted the habits of a good Catholic; and if he is like common mortals, it may seem to him a simpler thing to quarrel with Russia and Prussia than to let his wife have a grief against him. Then, again, he has other pursuits which may easily make the overwhelming anxiety of war distasteful to him. He is absorbed in his life of CÉSAR, and although at first it seems absurd to suppose that the ruler of France can lose his care for politics in the thirst for literary fame, yet the thirst is sometimes, it must be allowed, very strong, and the EMPEROR has just the mind to love not only the fame, but the passive absorption of the scholar. It may also be said that he is beginning to look elderly, and to feel the creeping indolence of advancing years; and he was sickened of battle-fields by Magenta and Solferino. There are, therefore, many little personal causes which may keep him quiet; but if these causes do prevail, and he declines to go further in the liberation of Italy or to help Poland, he will be abandoning that source of strength on which, we believe, he most relies for the continuance of his dynasty.

#### MR. GLADSTONE.

NO amount of popularity will save an octogenarian Premier from speculations as to his probable successor. Whatever Lord PALMERSTON's vigour may be, the universal impression is that the time cannot be far off when even his ambition and love of work will yield to a desire for repose. Who is there to fill the void his retirement will leave in the House of Commons? However unsatisfactory the answer to that

question may be, it is not far to seek. There is no great throng of candidates—in fact, there is no competition at all—for the designate leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. At the present moment, the debating force of the Ministry consists of three persons; for Mr. LAYARD can only be looked upon as an undisciplined auxiliary, who is put forward in the front, like the negroes in the Federal army, simply to be slaughtered. For all practical purposes, the speaking work of the Government is done exclusively by Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, and Lord PALMERSTON. As far as the power of persuading an audience and affecting votes goes, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is probably a good deal the more efficient of Lord PALMERSTON's two lieutenants. But he can scarcely be spoken of as a candidate for the future leadership of the House of Commons. Lawyers seldom relinquish substance for shadow; and an almost unbroken usage would be against any eccentric law officer who should be inclined to exchange the certain prizes of his profession for the vicissitudes of a political career. Mr. GLADSTONE, therefore, in racing phrase, walks over. He is heir to the throne by the most indefeasible of all titles—that there is no one else who is in a position even to advance a claim to it. What his success in such a position would be is a more doubtful question. It has happened that, during the past Session, there have been unusual opportunities for ascertaining his capacity to lead the House of Commons. His power of influencing his hearers has been brought more fairly to the test than it has ever been before. Up to this year, he has had, comparatively speaking, to rely little on his own powers for recommending financial changes. The traditions of the great Free-trade victories of Sir ROBERT PEEL have filled his sails. To ensure the support of a majority it was only necessary for him to recite the Free-trade confession of faith, and conjure up the ghost of Protection to terrify his hearers. Sometimes the manœuvre was practised fairly, sometimes unfairly, but always with success. But with the overthrow of the paper-duty this resource was used up at last. In 1862, Mr. GLADSTONE was content to abstain from any disputable projects; and, therefore, this Session has been the first in which his powers of carrying a financial change without the aid of the Free-trade battle-cry have been put to the trial. Another fortuitous circumstance has subjected his capacity for the leadership to a practical test. It has happened that on two or three nights of great importance Lord PALMERSTON's gout has left the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in charge of the House of Commons. On the Turkish and the American nights, he had opportunities of showing whether he could present to the House one of those clear expositions of the Government's foreign policy, and the reasoning on which it is based, to which Lord PALMERSTON has accustomed it for so long. On the South Kensington night, his powers of riding a Parliamentary storm were tried. He had a chance of exhibiting his tact in disarming an irritated and suspicious House of Commons by judicious and good-humoured concession.

The result of all these trials has not been very encouraging. Mr. GLADSTONE appears to be in every respect the complete antithesis of his chief. His title to fame is that he is the most brilliant orator of his day. Lord PALMERSTON is no orator at all. Perpetual despatch-writing has deprived his language of every vestige of grace; and his sentences are often so badly constructed that the friendly revision of the reporter is absolutely necessary to make them publicly presentable. But Lord PALMERSTON knows the way both to the convictions and to the hearts of his audience; and this is a species of knowledge of which Mr. GLADSTONE has by nature no glimmer, and which no experience seems capable of teaching him. Neither his intellectual nor his moral sympathies are tuned to those of the assembly he addresses. He has two styles of speaking—the angry and the ambiguous. When he is angry, he is as clear as crystal; when he is wordy and obscure, he is as mild as a sucking dove. But, except in some great and carefully prepared efforts, he has never yet succeeded in producing an address that was at once pacific and intelligible. The result is, that he always either insults or mystifies his hearers. There does not appear to be any malice premeditated in either proceeding. He seems in all good faith to believe that his cloud of words conveys a clear explanation of his meaning, and that his supercilious oburgations are gentle and dignified remonstrances. His perceptions upon this subject are so strangely blunt, that it is difficult to shake off the impression that he learnt his present style of speaking in some previous state of existence, when he was in the habit of addressing other GLADSTONES formed like unto himself. It would seem that these wonderful beings decidedly liked being snubbed in the tone in which the usher of a country school rebukes his little boys, and found that an abundant garnish of unnecessary words was rather an assistance

to them than otherwise in comprehending the statement of simple matters of fact. But there is no immediate probability that an English assembly will attain to this height either of tolerance or of perception. And until that period, Mr. GLADSTONE'S management of the House of Commons will more closely resemble the Irishman taking his pig to market than any other kind of leadership.

There is another point at which the want of sympathy between him and his audience shows itself very strikingly. He cannot bring himself to understand an Englishman's aversion to crooked ways, either intellectual or moral. In matters intellectual, he has a very strong and marked taste for them. Whatever is recondite, and circuitous, and ingenious, and paradoxical—whatever is the reverse of plain and simple—for that, both in argument and in legislation, he has an irrepressible hankering. His celebrated feat in 1860, of bewildering his hearers with the announcement of an artificial deficit of ten millions, which was arrived at by the simple process of assuming that all the taxes which required Continuance Bills had been abandoned, is a noted instance of this tendency. His attempt to persuade the House to tax the Charities, by proving that they had received "an endowment from the public" in the shape of remissions upon the tea, and sugar, and wine duties, which they had only enjoyed in common with the rest of the community, was another indication of the same kind. These devices have a very unfortunate effect upon an English audience, who are too slow to follow the sinuous windings of the orator's argument, and imagine that something dishonest must be concealed under anything that they cannot understand. They mistake the display of sleight-of-hand, volunteered for their entertainment by a clever juggler, for an intentional attempt to take them in. Sometimes, it must be confessed, their suspiciousness is not wholly without excuse. As is often apt to be the case with very expert professors of legerdemain, the temptation to turn the exhibition into a reality is too strong to be resisted. Perhaps it is that a constant cultivation of an ingenious and casuistical refinement of reasoning has a little blinded the reasoner's vision to the exact line that separates ingenuity from trick. His performance upon the night on which the Exhibition Building was disposed of has left behind it, in the minds of numbers of men, doubts of his political honesty which it will take years to efface. But it was a blunder which a genuinely dishonest man would never have committed. A man who had been accustomed to practise upon the credulity of his fellow-men might not have been afraid to induce an assembly to purchase a bit of land which was heavily encumbered, by the assurance that the title was clear from all encumbrance; but he would not expose his own trick to his mortified dupes within a fortnight of its success. It was eminently the proceeding of a man who had every desire to be honest, but who had so crooked and warped his own mind that he had become unable to discern whether a given course of conduct was or was not likely to offend other men's moral perceptions.

All these defects intensify each other in the minds of those whom they affect. A very large mass of the House of Commons are offended by the extreme superciliousness of manner with which Mr. GLADSTONE treats every opposition that threatens to be formidable. A smaller, though a considerable number, bear a grudge against him for the harshness with which his legislation has been directed against their class interests. These, however, are grounds of dislike which men do not care to avow very openly; and possibly they would gradually wear away if they were not supported by others more respectable. But they add no little intensity to the vigilance with which his sins against direct and straightforward dealing are detected, and to the force with which they are denounced. Just as Lord PALMERSTON'S popularity of manner makes men very kind to the virtues of his policy, the schoolmaster tone that has become a second nature to Mr. GLADSTONE prevents even his professed supporters from affecting the slightest blindness to his many political failures.

#### AUSTRIA.

THE Budget of the Austrian Minister of Finance is not a very triumphant one, but it is not at all gloomy. The calculations for the financial year are henceforth to be made from the beginning of January, and thus the present Budget embraces a period of fourteen months, and carries the account on to the last day of December in next year. The expected deficit during this period reaches a total of fifty millions of florins, for which the Minister proposes to provide by raising one-third through increased taxation on certain articles of luxury, while two-thirds are to be procured by a new loan. Austria is, therefore, still unable to pay her way; but she

now so nearly makes both ends meet that, if peace is maintained, she will soon have a Budget with which she may be proud to face the world. The great diminution in the rate of exchange marks her rise in the favour of the commercial world; and as political liberty has been the origin of her new financial credit, she may gain even more by the spirited attitude which the Reichsrath has assumed in dealing with the monetary position of the Empire than by the hopes which the Budget inspires. A Committee of the Reichsrath, appointed to examine into and report upon the state of the national debt, has called upon the representatives of the people to reprove the Finance Minister for many serious shortcomings. The Committee complains that conversions of State securities have been made without any Parliamentary sanction; that a much larger issue of those miserable twopenny notes with which tourists are so familiar has been made than was authorised; that the Exchequer has dealt improperly with certain funds destined for special purposes; and that the Minister, when empowered to raise a loan of seventeen millions of florins, took on himself to raise three millions more. The Committee declares that these are things which an independent Reichsrath ought not to put up with; and the Lower House appears to approve highly of the boldness of its Committee. This is exactly what was wanted to make the credit of Austria really good. If there is a genuine Parliamentary control over the national expenditure, and if it is made impossible for the Executive to tamper with public funds in that pleasant and ingenious way which, in France, has been found so convenient to the Government and so expensive to the nation, Austria will at once have secured the best guarantee for political liberty, and the surest probability of financial prosperity. It is true that much still remains to be done before the Budget of Austria is what it ought to be. Great changes must be made in the Austrian system of taxation, if the end is to be attained of getting an ample revenue at the least cost to the country. As is well explained in an article in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, Austria is suffering under the burden of monopolies, and of protection. But, as the *Quarterly Review* has learnt to think protection a burden, there is no reason why Austria should not some day come to think so too. At present, however, political liberty is against this desirable change. The Government has on several occasions shown that it would be glad to lighten import duties, but it has been baffled by the opposition of the manufacturers. There can be no doubt that the revenue of Austria might be largely and quickly increased if the duties on imports were lowered. At present, the whole receipts of the Austrian Exchequer from customs barely exceed a million and a quarter sterling, and it would be a very moderate computation to estimate that this sum would at once be tripled by a reduction of the duties. But there are vested interests opposed to change, and we have ample experience to show that the first use made of political liberty is apt to be to institute or augment those protective duties which invisibly impoverish a nation for the visible benefit of a few capitalists. Canada has used its emancipation from English control to shut out English goods. The first act of the North, when left unfettered by the South, was to pass the MORRILL Tariff; and it required the sternest frowns of the most determined Imperialists to coerce into obedience even an assembly so tame as the French Chamber, when it was ordered to approve of the Treaty of Commerce.

Austria has also every reason to be satisfied with the position she now occupies with regard to Poland. Russia has given Count RECHBERG the opportunity of establishing an independent position, and of gaining credit with the West by refusing to join in a separate conference with the other two sharers in the plunder of the partition. Austria will not for a moment consent to treat her interests as identical with those of her neighbours. With a bluntness scarcely usual in diplomacy, Count RECHBERG appears to have pointed out that Austria would not gain by going with Russia, and to have assured the Court of St. Petersburg that Austria would only act as best suited herself. The fact is, that such help as is given to the insurgents from without is given almost entirely by Austria. The Austrian troops sympathize with the Poles, and it is easy for sympathetic troops to do many kind turns for their nominal enemies. The insurgents cross and recross the Galician frontier with practical impunity. The Polish press at Cracow and Lemberg is permitted to speak with a frankness, and even a license, which in Posen would be thought the extreme of treason to Russia. LANGIEWICZ has petitioned the Reichsrath to be set at liberty, and his petition, instead of being ignominiously rejected, is handed over for the separate consideration of the legal and the political authorities.



The Reichsrath itself permits the cause of Poland to be pleaded by its members with scarcely less freedom, though with much less rhetoric, than it is pleaded in the English Parliament. Austria, therefore, can point with satisfaction to the Treaty of Vienna, and can boast that she has carried out those of its stipulations which secured a national representation to the partitioned Poles. It is her interest to stand well with the Poles, to make them believe her to be their friend, and to use them as a weapon against Russia. For once, she can espouse the cause that is popular in Europe without the slightest loss or trouble. The chance that there will be established a strong independent Poland, destined to absorb Galicia, is remote beyond calculation; but the chance that there will be some kind of independent life in Poland, protected by the favouring opinion of the West and by the sheltering strength of Austria, is by no means a remote one. To win the credit and glory of nursing this infant liberty, and to use it as a means of controlling the policy of Russia, is an ambition worthy of the most aspiring statesmen that Austria ever produced. That Austria will strike out this path for herself, and pursue it boldly and decisively, is perhaps more than can be expected from those who now govern at Vienna. But they will, in all probability, be partly led and partly forced into it, and will be kept by the daily pressure of events and by the obvious dictates of expediency from diverging widely from it.

The Reichsrath will gain some degree of additional importance if its ranks are swelled by the accession of representatives from Transylvania. The Magyars of Transylvania, although possessed of the great bulk of the landed property, and accustomed for centuries to a political supremacy, are in a numerical minority if the Germans and Roumans combine against them. When, therefore, the Transylvanian Diet meets, there will probably be a majority in favour of sending representatives to the Reichsrath. That this will determine Hungary to send deputies, too, is exceedingly unlikely. In Transylvania, the Magyars will have been outvoted, but in Hungary it is clear that the Magyars, if determined on resistance, will not be outvoted. Time, therefore, and conciliation, and the conviction that the Parliamentary life of Austria is not a sham, will alone bring the Hungarians to terms. If Austria goes on as she is now going on, and if her statesmen are wise enough to deal gently with Hungary, there can be little doubt that sooner or later Hungary will yield. The Hungarians have no settled wish to part from Austria, but they will not give up their claims to a liberty which dates from a time before Austria had even begun to be, in order to accept a newly-invented liberty that may wither up like the cut grass before evening. We think that they are quite right, and that they have rendered a great service to Austria by their firmness. They have forced the EMPEROR to show that he is in earnest; and they have made the existing Reichsrath gain the habits of Parliamentary business, and accustomed the Empire to a Parliamentary system, while their absence has always sufficed as a reason for abstaining from the discussion of those general questions of imperial policy on which, in its early days, the Reichsrath could scarcely have expressed an opinion without coming into collision with the Government. Although, therefore, the time may come before long when it will be wise for the Hungarians to yield, it has hitherto been wise for them, and better for the rest of the Empire, that they should not have yielded. When that day comes, it will only remain for Austria to abandon the Quadrilateral to be a great Liberal Power. Austria has every legal right to hold the Quadrilateral, and may be wise not to abandon it too hastily. But in the long run, the arguments for abandoning it will be overwhelming. The curious assertion that to retain it is necessary for the defence of Austria will fade away before the consideration that to retain it is fatal to the safety of Italy. At present, Austria naturally says that it is not her business to consider the safety of Italy, and that, as she has got so good a position, she will hold it. But the ideas of men slowly change as new interests and new conceptions of expediency influence them. Austria, as long as she holds the Quadrilateral, can never be really in unison with the Western Powers, both of which, though with fluctuations of zeal, are bent upon the independence of Italy. She can never be a really Liberal Power while holding down Venice by the sword; and the advantage of having a united Empire will surely compensate for the loss of that opportunity of practising the operations of gunboats which the *Quarterly* considers is all she gets from Venice. Austria, too, if reconciled to Italy, would be permitted, and probably encouraged, to extend her control over the Danube; and it is only in this way that she could reckon on a support in Europe which would enable her to confront Russia and Prussia united. She must be prepared to confront

them, and at any rate she must be prepared to confront Russia, if she is ever to be a great independent Power, and do more than merely hold the balance, as she does at present. All these considerations will, perhaps, some day come home to the minds of Austrian statesmen, just as the expediency of joining the Austrian Reichsrath will, perhaps, some day come home to the minds of the leading Hungarians. The change will not be greater in the first case than in the second; and in both, pride and legal right, and the sense of the advantages of a great engine of resistance, will have to give way before larger views, and the hopes of a splendid future, and the difficulty of standing outside of the general current of opinion.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE FISHERIES BILL.

THE Irish Fisheries Bill has given rise to unusually animated conversations in the House of Lords. The salmon controversy is in itself not exempt from difficulty, and perhaps a Cabinet which includes several shades of political opinion might have agreed to leave it an open question. It is at least usual for colleagues in the same Government to arrange their little differences in private. The LORD CHANCELLOR surely went too far when, on Monday night, he accused the enemies of bag nets of wicked and revolutionary doctrines, and Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY scarcely consulted the stability and harmony of the Ministry when he taunted the CHANCELLOR with caprices of conscience and neglect of Parliamentary duty. The Bill was not originally a Cabinet measure, although Sir ROBERT PEEL ultimately took it up at the request of the Irish members. Its passage through the House of Commons was naturally characterized by one or two amusing incidents. After a meeting in a Committee-room, one of the members present communicated to the reporters a speech by the IRISH SECRETARY, who happened not to have spoken at all; and in the course of the discussion it appeared that all interests concerned were irreconcilably conflicting. The periodical migrations of salmon are really puzzling to legislators. They may be caught in the estuary, in the middle course of a river, or in the upper waters; and the owners of fisheries at all the different points wish to secure, as far as possible, an exclusive enjoyment. The inland proprietors, who protect the fish in its breeding season, have generally obtained only the smallest share of the produce. The yield of the tidal fisheries is naturally larger, and it is only of late years that the right of angling in the streams has acquired a high pecuniary value. While the owners of lands and fisheries were competing with one another, the interests of the salmon themselves were altogether forgotten. The fresh water was poached in the breeding season, and stake nets, bag nets, and every kind of fixed engine, intercepted the fish on their passage from the sea. The upper proprietors did their best, by the use of weirs and of cruives, to aid in the general destruction; and there was some reason to suppose that, if the conflict lasted much longer, there would be no salmon left to quarrel about.

The application of a remedy to the evil was by no means a simple process. It would be easy to multiply salmon to any extent by a careful preservation of the breeding waters, and by a sweeping prostration of all the contrivances by which they have hitherto been destroyed. The fishery owners, however, are not inspired by a disinterested love of animated nature; and if they are prevented from taking toll, they are indifferent to the annihilation of the fish. Only the fortunate possessors of two or three Scotch and Irish principalities command the entire course of a river from its source to its mouth. Eventually, the proprietors of fixed engines submitted to some necessary restrictions, while anglers were debarred from the use of nets, and from the destruction of the salmon fry, which to many tastes are more palatable than the mature fish itself. The owners of the more valuable fisheries of course dictated the provisions of the English Act, paying the smallest possible regard to the interests of their neighbours on the higher streams. Local objections were overborne by appeals to the supposed interest of consumers; and, on the whole, it is undoubtedly conducive to the public advantage that salmon, like other commodities, should be cheap and abundant. When the Bill was passed, Sir R. BETHELL was Attorney-General, and leader of the Chancery bar; and it is not inconceivable that, in the pressure of public and professional business, he may have overlooked one of the two or three hundred Bills of a Session, even though it concerned the important subject of salmon. Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, with a stern sense of duty, observed that the LORD CHANCELLOR, who said he knew nothing about the English Bill, ought to have known of it, as he was in Parliament at the time. Lord THURLOW or Lord ELDON would have been surprised if the

POSTMASTER-GENERAL of their times had reproached them publicly with neglect of duty; but Ministerial discipline, with other primitive virtues, appears to be far on the decline. A certain provocation had been offered by the discovery of criminal and revolutionary principles in the arguments which were used by the promoters of the Fisheries Bill; but if it was asserted that rights conferred by Act of Parliament might be confiscated by the same authority, an eminent lawyer might not unreasonably object to so sweeping and dangerous a proposition.

As the LORD CHANCELLOR said, the title to the Crown is founded on an Act of Parliament; and if Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY is allowed with impunity to interfere with Parliamentary rights to the use of stake nets, he may soon bring in a Bill to dethrone HER MAJESTY and her successors in favour of the House of Modena, or the House of Hanover. "If their lordships countenanced such a doctrine, they would weaken the title to everything that was most valuable in the institutions of the country. Their lordships had deliberately sanctioned the Act of 1842, which conferred certain rights. Were they now, at the end of twenty-one years, to attempt to take those rights away?" There is much force in the CHANCELLOR's protest; but if Parliament, in 1842, unintentionally decided that Irish salmon should become extinct, it seems not altogether improper to reconsider the question in 1863. Lord LIFFORD declared that the Bill of 1842 was itself an utter robbery, and it is certainly not impossible that in Ireland, at that time, interested persons may have been guilty of a job. As the delinquent stake nets are, after all, protected when they are held by a vested right, it seems that the title to property and to the Crown is not seriously endangered by the precedent. The revolutionary Assembly which has now passed the Act proved, by the full attendance of members, that the House of Lords, though it may be recklessly indifferent to the rights of property, cannot be justly charged with indolent neglect of public duty. When the ordinary business of the Session is under consideration, eight or nine Peers generally sacrifice their afternoon ride to the demands of the country. If Lord DERBY or Lord ELLENBOROUGH is expected to make an eloquent speech on some great question of foreign policy, the audience numbers perhaps thirty or forty. When it is hoped that a colonial job may occasion a damaging division, fifty Peers sit with exemplary patience until it is time to dress for dinner. On the question whether certain owners of stake nets should be heard by counsel against the Fisheries Bill, eighty-five Peers patriotically divided. Sixty-six incurred the CHANCELLOR's censure by shaking the foundations of title to property, while nineteen preferred consistent principle even to the increase of salmon.

As the great majority of Irish Peers and of Irish members support the Bill, those who are not minutely familiar with its provisions may fairly assume that the measure is, on the whole, expedient, and that it is not extravagantly unjust. Although all property ought to be sacred, the right of monopolising fish, and at the same time destroying the breed, is not a venerable form of ownership. The selfish abuse of legal rights offends the most careful sticklers for the irresponsible use of property. When the possessor of stake nets prevents all fish from going up, or when the owner of a cruive prevents them from coming down, he provokes even the House of Lords to restrain his destructive cupidity. The English and Irish Bills are, indeed, by no means exempt from unjust restrictions imposed by one class of proprietors on another. As Lord MALMESBURY said, it is intolerable that, when the upper streams are too clear for the fly, the owner should be prevented from taking his own fish with a net; but trifling anomalies of this kind will be corrected by future legislation, if not by irregular practice. It is, perhaps, not too much to expect that the mutual consideration which is found necessary among the owners of fisheries should be practised by members of the same Cabinet. It must be painful to act with colleagues who either support wicked and revolutionary principles, or capriciously neglect their Parliamentary duties.

#### MEXICO.

AFTER ten months of privation and suffering, and a campaign not wholly free from disaster, the French army has at last succeeded in occupying the capital of Mexico. The war does not appear to have been absolutely terminated by this success. The Government of JUAREZ did not wait for the surrender of the capital, but retired into the more inaccessible interior. It has not despaired of the struggle,

but is concentrating what remains of its forces, and making fresh efforts to raise the population against the invaders. Whether years of anarchy have left enough patriotism in the Mexicans to stimulate them to so desperate a resistance remains to be seen. The spirit in which they accept the capture of their metropolis will in a great degree depend upon the ultimate intentions which the French may betray. But, in the meantime, NAPOLEON remains in the enjoyment of that which he probably values more than either colonies or commerce—the reputation of a military success. It has been bought at the price of fifteen millions of money, and many thousand lives; but it is worth that, and more than that, to him.

Now, however, that he has restored his prestige, and is no longer fettered by any considerations of military honour, his course must be hard to decide upon. No doubt he would like to found another Algeria—only an Algeria whose mineral wealth would enable it at least to pay for the expenses of its own government and garrison. But the difficulties are serious. He has, by this time, discovered that he made a palpable mistake in counting upon the support of any considerable part of the Mexican population. ALMONTE was able to guarantee him the suffrages of the priests and of their partisans; but he could obtain for him nothing more. Any attempt, therefore, to follow JUAREZ into the interior must probably be undertaken in the teeth of a hostile population defending an impracticable country. It must be sufficiently familiar to the EMPEROR's recollection that Russia was not conquered because NAPOLEON slept in the Kremlin. The difficulty of subduing vast regions inhabited by a scanty population, fighting for their independence in a climate to which they are accustomed, but which is baneful to their enemies, is almost as formidable in a tropical as in a Northern climate. The objections to allowing his army to remain where it is are scarcely less cogent. If General FOREY remains in Mexico, unless he at once takes possession of it in the name of the EMPEROR, he must forthwith set up some kind of native Government. The only materials that are at his disposal are the leading men of the old priest party. No others, even if they were within reach, would serve under the invader. But to restore to positions of eminence the members of the old priest party is to light up another civil war. Even those who might be content to acquiesce without open resistance in a foreign intervention would never endure to see their old enemies in power again. The professed mission of France in Mexico, the "idea" for which she has been fighting, was to re-establish peace and order. A just PROVIDENCE generally appears to reward the nations who go to war for an idea with the more substantial recompense of an increase of territory; and it is probable that Sonora, or some other State supposed to abound in mineral wealth, is the territory destined to repay the disinterested championship of France. But it will hardly do to conclude an expedition, which was undertaken for the purpose of re-establishing peace and order, by annexing a considerable province, and leaving the rest to an anarchy more pitiable than before. It will scarcely, therefore, be consistent with the decencies of conquest—which even France thinks it necessary to uphold—to allow General FOREY to identify himself too closely with the clerical party. And without them it will be very hard for him to establish any sort of Government in the capital. Then there are the military difficulties. Mexico is not a very easy position to hold. It is three hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, from which General FOREY must draw the greater portion of his supplies. Consequently, he will not only have to garrison the capital, Puebla, Orizaba, and Vera Cruz, but he must keep the road clear down to the port. Such a task cannot be accomplished with a small army—and can NAPOLEON III. spare a large one? The Polish plot grows thicker every day. The movements of the Paris Bourse do not indicate the predominance of peaceful councils in the Cabinet of the EMPEROR; and he may hardly care to employ a large army in chasing the shadow of increased dominion in North America, when its substance is within his grasp upon the Rhine.

Undoubtedly the policy which would, for the moment, be the most profitable, would be to annex some small block of land that can be held without the necessity of shutting up a large army in it, and to leave the rest of the country to its fate. But such a course would hardly consist with the character which the EMPEROR desires to fill in the eyes of his own subjects. There is a considerable public opinion in France in favour of those virtues which are included in the melodramatic conception of honour. LOUIS-PHILIPPE damaged himself seriously by his treatment of ABD-EL-KADER, and the epithet *perfidie Albion*, by which we used to be honoured, proves at least that treachery is the crime that a French-



man most readily imputes to those whom he detests the most. Nor would it be, in the long run, profitable for the EMPEROR to leave in the lurch those who have imperilled themselves by assisting him. The policy of France is likely, for some time longer, to render appeals to discontented populations an indispensable portion of her strategy. She must, above all things, cultivate a reputation for keeping faith with the rebellions she excites. It is likely, therefore, that there is more truth in the rumour that she is casting about for some third candidate for power, who may protect from the vengeance of JUAREZ those who have adhered to her, and yet whose presence would not excite the party passions that would be kindled by a return of the priests to power. It is said that SANTA ANNA has been sent for, for this purpose. He was exiled some time ago, and has been little heard of in recent years. But his unparalleled rapacity and dishonesty have left an evil reputation in the country where he was once Dictator. The universal detestation in which he is held almost disqualifies him as a candidate for power. He will make confusion worse confounded, and leave "peace and order" in a more hopeless condition than before. Whether France will be able to find a more eligible substitute remains to be seen. The task she has undertaken, of providing a permanent and stable Government for a country too distracted to erect one for itself, is desperate enough; but it is entirely of her own seeking. If she had been content, like the allies from whom she originally parted, with simply exacting the debts that were her due, she would not now have before her the perplexing dilemma of being compelled to find a Government for Mexico, or to keep an army of occupation there until she does.

There is only one rumour that directly affects England, and which we heartily hope may prove untrue. It is that there is a chance that the joint intervention of Spain, France, and England may be renewed. We do not enter upon these partnerships upon equal terms. We have not the same objects to serve as our two colleagues. We have not, like France, a plethoric army that requires periodical bleeding; nor have we a population possessed by a greedy thirst for martial fame, which needs to be perpetually slaked. Neither have we, like Spain, our lost place at the council-board of Europe to regain by exhibitions of national prowess. These expeditions are sheer loss to us. They can gain nothing that can repay their cost. They can win no victories that can add to our renown; and they may incur disasters which we shall have no choice but to retrieve. On the other hand, no harm can come to us if we "let it alone." Neither France nor Spain can win, in such undertakings, any accession of territory that will disturb the balance of power. They will certainly find a salutary vent for their own superfluous energies, and they may possibly render again productive a portion of the earth's surface which is fertile in varied kinds of wealth. For her own interests, France will do wisely to retreat from a thorny enterprise as soon as she can honourably do so; but our interests, except so far as they are bound up in the general extension of commerce, will be wholly unaffected by any course she may pursue, or by any destiny that may await her arms.

#### AMERICA.

THE American struggle appears to have reached a crisis, though it would be rash to anticipate the result. The great battles at Gettysburg resulted in the virtual defeat of the Confederates, as General LEE was not strong enough either to renew the attack or to maintain his advanced position in the heart of Pennsylvania. He retreated leisurely, passing round the left wing of the Federal army to Hagerstown and Williamsport, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Potomac. He then proceeded, without interruption, to forward his wounded and his booty into Virginia, while his army entrenched itself on the Maryland shore, either to cover the retreat of the impediments, or to try the fortune of another battle. If it is true that General BEAUREGARD has brought his entire army to reinforce the Commander-in-Chief, the Federal army of the Potomac will find that only a small portion of its task has been accomplished. It is not surprising that the sanguine and boastful propensities of the Northern Republicans should have been unusually stimulated by the simultaneous tidings from Gettysburg and from Vicksburg. Former fictions account for the doubts which have been thrown on the genuineness of Admiral PORTER's despatch; but official mendacity must have reached an unaccountable height if the detailed narrative of the surrender is not substantially true. If Vicksburg has really fallen, the Confederates have not received so heavy a blow since the beginning of the war, except in the loss of New Orleans. The capture of Vicksburg opens a long stretch

of the Mississippi to Federal vessels; it sets one of the principal Western armies at liberty for further operations; and it obviously diminishes the chances of a successful resistance at Port Hudson. Above all, General JOHNSTONE's failure even to attempt the relief of the fortress would show that the Western districts of Mississippi and Tennessee are almost denuded of Confederate troops. The military policy of the Southern Generals has been uniformly daring, nor can it be supposed that General PEMBERTON would have been left to his own resources if it had been possible even seriously to threaten the rear and communications of the besieging army. The loss of Vicksburg would be a severer disappointment than the partial failure of the Pennsylvania invasion. The boasting, however, of the Federal organs is exaggerated and premature; nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that the Southern States are prepared to discontinue their resistance, and to join the Republicans in the unprovoked attack with which they are, for the twentieth time, threatening England.

General MORGAN's advance into Indiana is evidently a mere incursion for the purpose of collecting booty and destroying the enemy's stores. It may serve, however, to increase the unpopularity of the war in the North-Western States; and perhaps, by necessitating a summons to the militia of Indiana, it may delay or defeat the conscription. The operations in Louisiana are more important, especially if it is true that seven thousand Federal troops have been taken prisoners within ten miles of New Orleans. General BANKS must be in danger, unless General GRANT can send him reinforcements by the river, for General MAGRUDER is approaching Port Hudson on the right bank of the Mississippi, and a Confederate detachment has captured and destroyed the magazines at Springfield Landing. President LINCOLN has adopted a singular method of confirming the doubtful loyalty of the unpopular minority in Louisiana which professes attachment to the Union. When a deputation of planters requested him to support the State Constitution and laws, Mr. LINCOLN replied that the respectable part of the population wished to amend the State Constitution. The Federal officers in the conquered portion of Louisiana had already restricted the enjoyment of the franchise to the scanty number of Unionists who were willing to take the oath of allegiance, and Mr. LINCOLN now imposes the further qualification of respectability, which means adherence to Republican doctrines. Universal suffrage, exercised by an insignificant fraction of the inhabitants, will introduce a singular form of government into the territories which are occupied by Northern invaders. It has often been asked how the South was to be governed after it was conquered, and the question is not satisfactorily answered by the invention of a packed Congress or Legislature. While General BANKS commands in New Orleans, his partisans may be nominally supreme; but their power, depending on the support of the Federal army, will terminate with the restoration of peace, unless Louisiana is to be permanently subjected to military occupation. It would seem that the inherent difficulties of the future pacification are beginning to find an entrance even into the Northern mind.

It is not certain whether the proposed mission of Mr. STEPHENS to Washington involved an offer of peace on the part of the Government of Richmond. It is scarcely probable that the Vice-President of the Confederacy would be employed to arrange a mere exchange of prisoners; but, on the other hand, the scheme of two separate Federations with a common President sounds in a high degree improbable. The report that some overture has been received seems to be supported by the statement that the Federal Cabinet is divided on the terms of a future peace. Mr. SEWARD is said to recommend an amnesty, the abolition of forfeitures, and the withdrawal of the notorious Proclamation. The majority of his colleagues are supposed not to be prepared at present to admit that the Government has been altogether insincere in its encouragement of negro emancipation. The controversy is, in all probability, incorrectly or imperfectly reported; for even if Mr. LINCOLN could be persuaded to cancel the Proclamation, all the causes of quarrel which existed before the beginning of last December would still divide the belligerents. If the account of Mr. SEWARD's opinions is to be trusted, he may perhaps wish once more to unite the North, although he may be aware that his concessions would be insufficient to conciliate the South. While the partisans of the Federal cause in England applaud every arbitrary violation of the Constitution, the Government of Washington must be aware that the opposition to its measures is becoming every day more formidable. On the 4th of July, Governor SEYMOUR of New York reminded a sympathizing assembly that the disregard of legal right which is tolerated in a President may at another time be practised by a mob. The most significant

part of his speech consisted in his reference to his recent exertions in sending reinforcements to Pennsylvania. The GOVERNOR declared that he had been anxious to vindicate the honour of New York, and to assist a friendly State to repel an invasion. The authority of the Federal Government was studiously forgotten in the reference to such an exchange of good offices as might take place between France and Italy, or between Sweden and Denmark. A Sovereign State may be entitled and bound to defend a friendly neighbour, but Mr. SEYMOUR emphatically protested against the doctrine that the Federation had a right to coerce a seceding minority.

The riot which has followed the attempt to enforce the conscription at New York may possibly not produce any serious consequences; but it furnishes a sufficient comment on the Republican boast that the preliminary enrolment had provoked no active resistance. In a really popular cause, the North Americans would submit more readily than any other population, either to a conscription or to any other form of sacrifice which they might regard as a patriotic necessity. The habit of docile submission to majorities greatly facilitates exceptional acts of power. The love of individual right and independence which characterizes the English race has been in a great measure swamped through the influence of American institutions. If nine men approve of a forcible conscription, the tenth will acquiesce in the ballot which consigns him to military service. It is possible that in the city of New York, if not in the State, the majority, and the public opinion which it moulds, may be on the other side; and if resistance to the conscription is popular, the provisions of the law will become practically inoperative. It is impossible for foreigners to judge of the state of feeling in the North, and the mere accident of a riot throws no light on the general wishes of the population. It is now admitted that, if the conscription fails, the North must henceforth dispense with the employment of enormous armies. The influence of bounties is exhausted, because all the volunteers who could be attracted by money have long since entered the ranks, leaving their less enterprising neighbours to wait for the gratuitous hardships of the conscription. The complications which will attend the execution of the draft vary in every different State, if not with every change in the fortunes of the war. The militiamen who have lately served in Pennsylvania will neither remain in the ranks of the army nor take their chance with their fellow citizens of the ballot. Anticipations, however, have so often proved erroneous, that no prudent observer would confidently dispute the possibility of a successful conscription.

#### WIMBLEDON.

THE brilliant meeting which has closed at Wimbledon has removed all trace of doubt on some points of very considerable importance. It has proved, in the first place, that the enthusiasm of that section of the Volunteers who make rifle-shooting their pastime is increasing instead of flagging in intensity, and is at the same time extending its influence over a widening circle of aspirants. We have not only better riflemen among the competitors of this year than on any former occasion, but we have more of them; and though the whole mass of the Volunteers is far from being leavened, and perhaps never will be so while existing hindrances to practice remain, the taste for shooting is evidently spreading, and the best guarantee for the permanence of the Volunteer force is becoming more effectual as time wears on. A few more years of similar progress may give us a nucleus of first-rate shots large enough to form almost a little army by themselves, and sufficient to hold together the less enthusiastic portion of the force under the severest discouragement which the maintenance of peace, and the civility of foreign Sovereigns, can give to the cause.

The most typical picture that could be sketched of Wimbledon Common during the Association fortnight would be a target faced by a patient line of expectant marksmen waiting their turn, and considering one shot in an hour an ample recompense for the tedium of keeping a place, in the meantime, under a broiling sun. Not at one target only, but at almost every one of the fifty or sixty which the Council provided, the enthusiasm of the competitors was tried by the same severe test, and, strange to say, it seems never to have given way. The fisherman who will patiently whip the waters for hours without a rise is generally considered as the most perfect illustration of the fascination of sport; but his long-suffering equanimity is nothing to that of the eager rifleman, who coolly faces not the possibility, but the certainty, of spending an hour in expectation of the chance of making one successful shot. If the available area admits of it, we

have no doubt the Council will, by a yet further increase in the number of targets, do what can be done to mitigate the sharpness of this trial of patience on future occasions; but one can scarcely regret that the Volunteers have been subjected to an ordeal which has given so satisfactory a proof of the keenness with which they follow their favourite pursuit. That so much perseverance should be accompanied by corresponding excellence is almost a matter of necessity, and—partly no doubt from the fineness of the weather, but in great measure also from the general increase in skill—the performances of 1863 have quite thrown into the shade all that has been accomplished before. It is almost a pity that the improvement of our choice marksmen should have been so rapid as to destroy the cosmopolitan character of the Wimbledon meetings. At first, foreigners divided a fair share of the All-comers' prizes. The next year, they were beaten almost out of the field; and now, with the exception of a very few, who have almost become Englishmen, they have given up in despair the idea of competing with English riflemen. The main object of the Association—the improvement of rifles and rifle-shooting—is not only advancing on the whole, but in almost every branch of the art a decided progress is visible. The winner of the Queen's Prize made a score which has never been approached in that competition. The small-bore shooting, which seemed all but perfect last year, has found room still for a further advance; and even the comparatively rough arm of the rank and file has been made to perform with a general accuracy and an occasional brilliancy of which it was scarcely believed to be capable, though it is still of course immeasurably behind the matchless weapons which are now produced for the express purpose of target practice. It is scarcely less interesting to watch the progress of the gunmakers than that of the marksmen. In the rifle barrel itself, it seems to be generally acknowledged that no decided advance is to be found on the products of a year ago. The principles of construction have been well tested, and the accuracy of the manufacture has long since been brought to a pitch which can scarcely be surpassed. But a great variety of ingenious accessories have been devised by which the performance of the best weapons has been brought a stage nearer to perfection. Long since, what used to be called bullets were superseded by elongated projectiles, and now a further refinement has made the bullet an elaborate product formed with almost as much exactness as the interior of the rifle itself. Curious mechanicians might have amused themselves for days at Wimbledon by observing the various mechanical contrivances with which the amateur rifleman comes into action, while others may perhaps have been a little disappointed to find that the recent progress in the manufacture of the rifle does not do much for the soldier's weapon. Even in this, however, there is some indication of promise, especially in one contest where the prize was given to the man who could mark the best score in a couple of minutes. The weapon, of course, was a breech-loader, and the performance was about equivalent to shooting a dozen men through the head in the limited time allowed. Facts of this kind, though not quite novel, will tell sooner or later on the armament of the QUEEN'S forces, and it may be that some future victory may be directly traceable to the influence of the National Rifle Association.

Another satisfactory change on the present occasion was in the apparent increase of general interest in the proceedings. We are afraid to speculate on what the attendance of the public might have been had the traditional weather prevailed; but we believe it is the fact that the Common was never so thronged or so animated in any former year; and for the sake of the Association, and still more for the sake of the great objects which it has in view, we hope that all who are learning to enjoy our national games will remember the obligation of aiding the efforts of those by whom they are sustained. But there is something more to be gathered from this meeting than the fact that the rifle is making its way more and more towards the position which the long bow once held as the familiar national weapon of England. Many little incidents have proved—what, perhaps, scarcely needed proof—that the guidance of this enterprise is in the best of hands. When the Association was founded, it had a very difficult task before it. It had no authority, no recognised position, except as a mere private society, and it was only by winning universal confidence that it could hope for success. This confidence has been won, and won by force of good service, good feeling, and unflinching tact. All the jealousy (for there was jealousy at first) of a body which assumed the direction of one important branch of Volunteer business, has not only disappeared, but has been replaced by a cordial understanding



which makes every rifleman regard the Council as his representatives as fully as if they had been elected by a ballot of the rank and file. The secret of this success might have been fathomed at once by a spectator who knew nothing more of the Association than a visit to the Camp would tell him. At one time, the whole festival threatened to end in confusion from the unexpected break-down of a system of marking which proved not to be absolutely safe at a meeting so thronged as that of Wimbledon; but, on the instant, the admirable promptitude and resources of the Executive of the Association sufficed to overcome the difficulty, and this without an hour's interruption of the contest. The simple fact is, that the men who have taken the lead in the matter are well up to their work, and determined to spare no effort in doing it—a fact which is now known and appreciated by every Volunteer. Another Wimbledon picture is equally suggestive. The midnight meetings round the camp fire, when the representative of the Council presented himself as a target for the shots of all who had grievances to complain of, were so thoroughly English, so entirely in harmony with the spirit of the Volunteer movement, and so happily illustrative of the terms on which the Council and their constituents stood, as to show at a glance that without any formal arrangements or cumbrous machinery for the purpose, the Volunteers had been fortunate enough to light upon an administrative body which thoroughly understood their wishes and feelings, and grudged no amount of labour to carry them into effect.

We cannot take leave of Wimbledon without one word on the closing review. From the absence of any programme of operations, the readiness with which the Volunteers could adapt themselves to the exigencies of the moment was admirably tested, and the test was borne well enough to show that the materials were there from which in time of need a very efficient force could be created; but the arrangements, though extremely useful in this way, were by no means conducive to the general effect of the display. The loss of time occasioned by the unpunctuality of the trains was fatal to manœuvres on a large scale, and the throngs of spectators probably saw much less to gratify them than on the corresponding field-days of former years. A sham-fight commencing long after seven o'clock, and ending in time for a march past by daylight, was of necessity very limited in its scope, and it is much to be desired that it may be found practicable another time to bring the whole force upon the field by the time appointed. The extreme difficulty of mustering the men at an early hour, except on some great holiday like that selected for the annual Brighton field day, will always limit the operations practicable at the Wimbledon review, but as the attractions of the military display are of considerable importance to the Association, it is to be hoped that a nearer approach to punctuality will be found possible in future years. Upon the whole, however, the rifle carnival may be pronounced a complete success, from the firing of the first shot to the presentation of the last prize, and we can wish nothing better to the Council or the Volunteers than that they may long work together as pleasantly and prosperously as they have done up to the present time.

#### PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE shield has been shot for at Wimbledon, the matches have been played at Lord's, and the public schools have gone home. In every English county numberless homes will resound, for the next few weeks, with animated descriptions of how splendidly John shot, and William bowled, and James batted. Sisters will listen with cordial admiration, and fathers and mothers will be proud and fond, and the neighbouring clergy will feel or feign a prudent interest and pride in the boys' achievements. It is only a few people who know what Eton or Harrow or Rugby does in the way of learning. There are the parents of the boys who get the scholarships and prizes, and there are the parents of the boys who just miss them, and there is a small schoolmastering set scattered over England who think of public schools as places of intellectual education. But the mass of the boys and of the public think most of the displays of physical strength and skill, and concentrate their interest on Wimbledon and Lord's. It is scarcely credible how much devoted parents can get to admire this sort of distinction in their sons, and how absolutely they can come to look at their children as machines for making a score. Some time ago, there was a story current of an old gentleman long resident in the neighbourhood of one of the public schools, whose whole ambition was to see his two sons in the school eleven, and watch them in the full glory of Lord's. This enthusiastic Moses was not disappointed of his Pisgah. He lived to behold the Promised Land, and the great and triumphant day came when John and Tom played at Lord's, and he stood to look on. As fate would have it, John was run out in the first over, and Tom scooped an ignominious catch. The poor old man was, as the French say, desolated. This was the bitter end of all his hopes,

and a passer-by heard him say, with a mournful sigh, as he thought over the details of his sorrow, "John was unlucky, but d—n Tom." Parental feeling was merged in the shame of having begotten that style of batter. Few parents reach so sublime a height of interest in school games, but every parent is delighted to find that his boy likes to live out of doors, and can bowl, and bat, and row, and fish, and ride. This is the particular product of our tastes, and habits, and purses, on which we most pride ourselves; and nothing enables us, under circumstances of difficulty and depression, to cling fast to our belief in the inherent superiority of Englishmen to all Continentals, so much as the unalterable fact that their little boys never even saw a stump, or an outtrigger. We have long ago come to the conclusion that the good of a public school is in the general effect it produces on the boy's character and tastes; and we are all of us of opinion that the society of the sons of gentlemen, and the opportunity of getting a satisfactory physical education which public schools offer, are among the very best returns that we get for the money it costs to send our boys there. The use and glory of games are established for ever, and argument would be superfluous to heighten, and ineffectual to lower, the estimation in which they are held.

But, in England, every fashion is too fashionable, and every popular opinion, however sound in substance, is apt to be so fostered and exaggerated that it takes in an ingredient of error. We do not quite like the way in which the modern type of public schoolmaster views these games. Certainly, nothing could be more convenient than the theory which is now current in many schools as to the destinies of different boys. There are the clever boys, to be pushed on and to be made good scholars, and to be shown the most secret tricks of Iambics and Alcaics, and to have a general interest in every subject, and to be taught to read the newspapers and argue about them. These are the boys who are to be nursed by the head-master himself, and by the best assistants that money can procure, and to be petted, and coaxed, and goaded into perpetual emulation, and penetrated with a knowledge of particles and a love of distinction, until they can be confidently sent up to the Universities, sure of scholarships, and first classes, and medals, and fellowships, and prepared to smile triumphantly on a conquered world with the true simper of the gentlemanly scholar. Then, on the other hand, there are the stupid boys. It is their mission to row and to bowl, to bat and to swim, to play at rackets and football, from morning to night. In this way the reputation of the school for games will be kept up. The shooting will be good at Wimbledon, the bowling will be irresistible, and the batting in the best scientific style. It will be very hard if, when all the stupid and idle boys of a big school are encouraged to make physical education their special calling, the school does not shine in these fields of glory. And the best of it is, that the stupid boys like the arrangement. They honestly own that they think books a bore, and are never happy unless they are on the river or in the cricket-field. It suits them capitally to have it settled that they are stupid at learning, but very clever and promising at bowling and batting. So the boys are all pleased, and the school gains honours at the Universities, and makes a magnificent show at Wimbledon and Lord's. Every one praises it, for everywhere it gets distinction, and makes itself known and talked of. The masters, above all, rejoice, for not only is the result honourable and lucrative, but it is admirably calculated to spare them daily annoyance, and bring them daily pleasure. The great nuisance of schoolmasters is the teaching. But to few schoolmasters is all teaching a nuisance. It is a real pleasure to teach clever, lively boys; to have to keep up scholarship; to read the latest authorities, and to retail the information; to live in an atmosphere of intellectual activity, where the teacher has a perpetual stimulus, and need never fear contradiction. It is the stupid boys who are disagreeable to teach. It is sickening to have to correct mistakes that one thick-headed generation after another invariably commits, to be for ever looking over those efforts of the obtuse mind which are known technically as "sense verses," to have the irregularities of verbs always treated as something wrong in nature and insurmountable by man. No wonder that a learned Grecian and scholar, who remembers the time when he himself could do his forty passable hexameters in an hour, and who is accustomed to a very smooth life, and much domestic luxury, should writhe at having to pass a fine summer morning grinding syntax into fifty boys of fourteen or fifteen, hearing their stupid mistakes and the equally stupid monotony of their accidental accuracy. Really, in justice to himself and to his own feelings, it seems as if nothing was to be done but to call on those few who can be trusted pretty well, to let the others sit as quietly as can be managed during the inevitable hours, and then to send them off to the games for which alone they are fit. How delightful to a man so suffering must be a theory which assures him that he is honourably entitled to this escape from his cares, and that he is doing exactly what he ought to do when he makes this separation in his class! Intellectual education for the clever few, and physical education for the stupid many, is the ideal of the school; and so, if he lets five boys out of fifty gain something from coming under his teaching, and takes care that the other forty-five have enough cricket, he has done his duty.

This is capital fun for the schoolmasters, and not bad fun for the boys, but it is very poor fun indeed for many of the parents. A stupid boy is content to look upon himself as destined by nature to amuse himself out of doors; and it is convenient for a master to treat a stupid boy as a being whose friends pay very handsomely for his being allowed to amuse himself out of doors. But

the father sees the stupid boy in a very different light. To him the stupid boy is a being whom he loves, whom he wishes to see made the most of, whose faults he wishes to be corrected, whom he has to pay for, and for whom he is willing to pay handsomely, even though he makes personal sacrifices, so that his boy grows up as he could wish. He has also to look forward to the boy's future career. He has to place the stupid boy out in some profession in which bowling and batting can scarcely be the road to success. He knows that his boy is not clever and can never be made so, but he knows that even this stupid boy might be very much improved. He might have the habit of moderate application instilled into him; he might be taught to do accurately whatever he does do; he might at least be taught to spell, and read, and cypher correctly. There are few public schools at which he is taught any of these things. There is no provision or thought for the teaching the mass of boys, except so far as physical education, and religious discipline, and the society of the sons of gentlemen are to be called teaching. Of course there are exceptions, and there are infinite gradations of badness in the teaching. Marlborough is so conspicuous an exception that it deserves to be mentioned by name, and there, so far as diligence and anxious care can effect the result, every boy is fairly taught according to his ability. Probably some other schools, comparing themselves with the very worst, might claim also to be exceptions. But we do not believe that any one acquainted with public schools would deny that, as a rule, the stupid boys are not taught properly. They are not made as much of as they might be; and this, which was always a lamentable shortcoming, is now erected into a wise obedience to that voice of nature which ordains that the stupid boy shall gain glory in games. There is one very simple test of the kind of teaching which is given at public schools. If a boy is sent from a good private school, where the master knows his business, and is not diverted by the possession of a private tepid swimming bath and an ornamental dinner service for the boys, and a little private Gothic chapel in his grounds, from grinding genders, and cases, and tenses into the dense schoolboy mind, and if this boy is placed at a public school, it will almost always be found that, at the end of the first year, he has gone back. Of course, if he is a promising boy, and fit to be called up in class without giving the master trouble, he is pushed on; but if he is a boy of only moderate ability, his learning will have suffered considerably from the great physical education theory. Genders and cases will not linger in the mind of a boy who is employed during school hours in lolling back on his form, waiting for the cricket to begin, for which nature and the theory of schoolmasters have destined him. And often there is what may be termed an accidental reason for the neglect with which the minds of these native cricketers are treated. It so happens that, at the time of life when it is decided for them whether they are ever to have any habits of mental accuracy and application or not, they come under the worst masters of the school. At the top of the school, there is the head-master, and those whom he can trust to work with him in the fabrication of marketable scholars. At the bottom, there are the young masters, fresh from the University, full of recent honours, and alive with that impatience of intellectual stagnation in themselves or others which stirs the blood at five-and-twenty. But in the middle of the school, where the stupid boys stick and swarm as in a great anthill, there are the masters whose illusions have long fled, who are averse to doing more than they can help, who know they are not fit to take the higher boys, and who have no future before them, except the hope of joggling along comfortably until they have made a fortune. When a stupid boy is left to the care of such men, secure of an income and radiant with the physical education theory, he has not much chance of getting that instruction for which his father pays, and which, under a better and more honest system, he would be perfectly capable of receiving profitably.

The last touch of this theory of the predestined ignorance of stupid boys at public schools is the proposition that it does not signify whether they are taught or not, because in most cases their fathers can afford to leave them idle through life, or, at any rate, intend to send them into some profession like the army or the church, where stupidity is, to say the least, no disadvantage. A schoolmaster must indeed have lost all sense of his vocation who offers this justification. In the first place, it is not true. There are a great many boys at public schools who are the sons of rich parents; but if public schools are taken as a whole, the vast majority of scholars are the sons of men who wish their sons to exert themselves. Only those parents who have clever sons expect them to get on in the line of scholars, or to fight their way against severe intellectual competition of any kind. But the parents of the average kind of boys hope that they will do creditably in some line of business or other. To enable them to do this, they have purchased for their sons a classical education. They are told that this kind of education is not only to be tested by its direct results; that it indirectly strengthens and enlarges the mind; that it instils accuracy; that it curbs the affectation of superficial knowledge; that it gives a standard of taste; that it fits the mind to take up subjects even of a very different kind. The parent of a stupid son listens to this reverently, and lays out a thousand pounds in sending his son to a good public school. At the end of that time it turns out that the boy knows no classics, is inaccurate, has no standard of taste, has a general hatred and distrust of all knowledge, and is never sure of being right, even when he deals with English. The parent cannot help regretting this; and then the theoretical schoolmaster blandly explains to him that nature did not mean his boy

to learn classics or profit by them, and that accordingly no trouble has been taken to teach in spite of nature, but that nature did mean his boy to play at cricket, and so every opportunity has been given of enabling him to gain distinction at Lord's. A parent may reasonably reply that to teach a boy fond of cricket, and not very fond of books, how to gain a habit of moderate application and a range of knowledge accurate, if limited, was the very difficulty he paid the schoolmaster to overcome. Nor is the objection which the parent has a right to make in the least degree taken away by the fact that the parent is a rich man. If education is a good thing, why should not a rich man have it? Is it for public schools—rich, in most cases, with endowments given by men who loved learning, and set up to give intellectual culture its due honour—to say that mental training, and exactitude, and a habit of overcoming indolence, are of no use to people who have not got to work for their bread? If the classics and classical education are good for boys, they must surely be good for boys who will not have the mental occupation of a profession forced on them. It is hard on parents that this, which is so obvious to them in the case of their own boys, should be obscure to others, and especially that the eyes of schoolmasters should be darkened so that they cannot see it. It would quicken the schoolmasters, perhaps, to a sense of pity, if not of justice, were they to know by experience what a vast daily difference it makes in the life of a family whether the stupid boys have been well trained or not.

#### WAS BEATRICE BROOK MARRIED?

THERE is an old controversy between novelists and lawyers. There is nothing which novelists like better than introducing law into their books, and there is a kind of fatality which watches over and apparently delights to thwart their efforts. Whether the intricacy of the law or the ignorance of the writers is in fault, the most familiar, and one would have supposed the most notorious, rules of law are almost always misunderstood by novelists and dramatic authors. This can hardly be called a fault, even in an artistic point of view, inasmuch as it would be quite unreasonable to expect authors whose principal objects are of a different kind to acquire special knowledge upon recondite subjects. Sometimes, however, the legal positions of novelists raise questions of great curiosity. If the supposed incidents really occurred, what would be the legal consequences? Few questions of this kind can have so much general interest as one which has been raised quite unconsciously by Mrs. Norton in her novel, *Lost and Saved*. If she had been a professional lawyer, and had wished to raise a curious point of law, she could not have done so more effectually than by putting in the form of a case for opinion the facts connected with the marriage of Miss Beatrice Brook. The case would be as follows:—

Miss Beatrice Brook, an unmarried lady, nineteen years of age, and domiciled in England, eloped from Venice with Mr. Montague Treherne, an unmarried man, twenty-five years of age, also domiciled in England. They went to a station in the middle of the desert at the head of the Red Sea. Mr. Treherne fraudulently dressed up a medical man as a clergyman of the Church of England, and fraudulently represented to Miss Brook that he was an ordained clergyman. The medical man married the parties according to the service of the Church of England, and they cohabited as man and wife. Your opinion is requested whether this was a valid marriage?

It is remarkable that Mrs. Norton supposes, not only that there could not possibly be any doubt on the subject, but that Miss Brook's folly in allowing herself to be imposed upon by such a ceremony requires explanation and apology. In fact, it is doubtful whether the marriage was not perfectly valid, and the child born under it legitimate. Apart from the authority of a case decided twenty years ago by the House of Lords under most peculiar circumstances, it is almost certain that it would be valid. The whole state of the law upon the subject is so curious that it may be worth while to state it for the benefit, at all events, of future novelists.

The law of England was originally a sort of chaos, and was gradually ascertained, to a greater or less extent, by Acts of Parliament and judicial decisions. It was composed partly of the customs prevailing amongst the Northern nations who overthrew the Roman Empire, partly of the Roman, and, to some extent, of the ecclesiastical law. The law of marriage was regulated principally by the last-mentioned system, though it had some special incidents peculiar to this country. The ecclesiastical law as to marriage was extremely loose, and down to the year 1753 the question, what was a marriage in England, was hardly capable of a direct explicit answer. The whole law lay in confusion and obscurity. The notion that marriage was a civil contract, and the notion that it was a sacrament, both existed to some extent, and were both recognised for some purposes. Speaking in very general terms, the policy of the law was to consider that almost any matrimonial contract was a valid marriage, though cohabitation under such a contract was an irregularity for which the parties were liable to ecclesiastical censures. Thus, if two persons, by word of mouth or by letter, agreed to marry, and afterwards lived together as husband and wife, and if one of them afterwards publicly married some one else, the ecclesiastical Court would pronounce the second marriage null and void, and would order the first to be publicly solemnized, as the phrase was, in the face of the Church. There are well-known instances in history in which the marriages of historical



personages were declared void on the ground of pre-contract. Hardly any, if any, form of ceremonial was essential to a valid marriage. People might be married as informally as they might be baptized. The marriage might be celebrated without banns, without witnesses, without notice, without the permission of parents, without (as it would seem) any particular form of words, so long as the essential requisite of a present consent by each party to take the other as his or her wife or husband was fulfilled. Whether or not the presence of an ordained clergyman and the use of any religious form were necessary to the validity of the marriage was a moot point. The current and popular notion, however, was, that they were necessary, and accordingly the presence of a clergyman, real or pretended, and the performance of some sort of ceremony, was always procured upon these occasions; and the question whether they were essential to the validity, as distinguished from the regularity, of the marriage was never raised. An irregular marriage exposed all the parties to ecclesiastical censures (which, in modern times, were practically of no importance), but was perfectly valid.

The inconveniences and scandals of this state of things caused Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act in 1753, the effect of which, broadly stated, was to render all irregular marriages (with some qualifications) null and void, and to make certain regulations—such as the publication of banns, the observance of canonical hours, marriage in the Church, &c.—essential to the validity, as distinguished from the regularity, of the marriage. This law still forms the main foundation of our existing system, though it has been re-enacted and extended by subsequent legislation to meet the case of Dissenters from the Established Church, and persons wishing to dispense with all religious ceremonies whatever. It extended, however, only to England, and left the common law unaltered in Ireland, in the colonies, and in relation to marriages abroad by British subjects in so far as it applied so them.

Some time between 1820 and 1830, Mr. Jacob published an edition of Roper's treatise on *Husband and Wife*, to which, being an ingenious man, with time at his disposal, he appended a long and learned note, discussing the question whether, by the common law of England, the presence of an ordained clergyman was essential to the validity of a marriage—a question which he answered in the affirmative. For some years the matter rested as it was; but in 1842 a man named Millis was tried at Antrim for bigamy, in having married again during the lifetime of a woman to whom he had been married by a Presbyterian minister in Ireland. His counsel contended, on the strength of Mr. Jacob's speculation, that the first marriage was void. The case was carried by a writ of error, first to the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, and thence to the House of Lords. The Irish judges were equally divided. The English judges, when consulted by the House of Lords, were unanimously of opinion that the presence of an ordained clergyman was necessary, at common law, to the validity of a marriage; but the House of Lords was equally divided—Lord Lyndhurst (then Lord Chancellor), Lord Cottenham, and Lord Abinger agreeing with the English judges; Lord Brougham, Lord Denman, and Lord Campbell being of an opposite opinion. Upon this, the principle that the presumption is in favour of the negative applied, and it was determined that the first marriage was void, on the ground that the presence of an ordained minister was, at common law, essential to the validity of a marriage. The consequence of this decision was to invalidate a vast number of marriages which had always been believed to be good. Marriages by Presbyterian ministers in Ireland, in India, and in many other parts of the world, had been extremely common, and the case of *R. v. Millis* showed that they were all void. Some of these cases were provided for by special legislation, but the doctrine in *R. v. Millis* itself appeared extremely doubtful; and any one who will read the case through will probably incline to the conclusion that the opinion of Lords Brougham, Campbell, and Denman was right, and that of the judges and the other law-lords wrong. However this may be, that case no doubt, as far as it went, settled the law; but a question as to its extent arose which closely affects Miss Brook's case. In the case of *Catherwood v. Cusson*, which turned on the validity of a marriage before a Presbyterian minister at Beyrout, the Court of Exchequer held the marriage void on the authority of *R. v. Millis*, and this is precisely Miss Brook's case; but, on the other hand, it was held by the Indian judges at Bombay, in the case of *M'Lean v. Cristall*, that a similar marriage in India was good, and Dr. Lushington came to the same decision in the case of *Simpson v. Caterall*, which turned on the validity of such a marriage in New South Wales. The principle on which these cases proceed is, that British subjects in foreign parts or in colonies take with them so much only of the law of England as is suitable to their situation, and that that part of the common law which requires the presence of a priest in orders is not suitable to the situation of British subjects abroad in countries where the common law applies, as it probably would in a barbarous or non-Christian country. These cases receive additional authority from a curious cause which two or three years ago came before the House of Lords, as to the validity of the marriage of an Irish clergyman of the Church of England, called Beamish, who one day married himself in a private room. Upon the question whether this marriage was valid or not, the House of Lords consulted the judges, and Mr. Justice Willes read one of those judgments which he occasionally delivers when questions of great constitutional or legal importance are at issue, and which form treatises on the branch of law to which they refer, exhausting every authority which can be

brought to bear on the subject. In this judgment it is clearly hinted that Mr. Justice Willes, and his two brethren who joined with him in the judgment, would have delivered a very different opinion as to the state of the common law from that which was delivered by the judges consulted in *R. v. Millis*. Though he could not contest that decision, he established that if the common law of England was what the House of Lords declared it to be, it formed an exception to the general law of all the rest of Europe, and he strongly hinted that the cases of *M'Lean v. Cristall* and *Simpson v. Caterall* were right, and that of *Catherwood v. Cusson* was wrong. It may be observed also that the Act which regulates the marriages of British subjects before Consuls abroad expressly provides that nothing therein contained shall affect marriages not solemnized under its provisions.

With these explanations the question whether Beatrice was married may be discussed. The first question is, by what law is the validity of the marriage to be determined? This is by no means an easy question. The marriage took place in a sort of No Man's Land, apparently selected for the purpose of making a difficulty. What effect on the question the law of Egypt may have, and what that law is, we beg to be excused from inquiring; but, assuming that the question is ruled by the common law of England, it seems highly probable that the case falls exactly within the principle acted on by the Indian judges in *M'Lean v. Cristall*, and by Dr. Lushington in *Simpson v. Caterall*, and recognised, to the extent already pointed out, by Mr. Justice Willes in the case of *Beamish v. Beamish*. There is, however, another and a stronger ground on which it may be argued that the marriage was valid at common law—namely, that Beatrice Brook *bonâ fide* believed the medical man to be an ordained minister; and there are strong grounds for saying that such a marriage is valid. The following passages from Lord Campbell's judgment in *R. v. Millis* bear upon the subject, and deserve the careful attention of novelists:—

What if the person who officiates as a priest, and is believed by the parties to be so, is no priest, and has never received orders of any kind? This question was suggested during the argument, but was not met by the judges. Mr. Pemberton [now Lord Kingsdown] admitted at the bar, as according to the authorities he was bound to do, that the marriage would be valid. Lord Stowell repeatedly expressed an opinion to this effect, and it turns out that, in the instance of a pseudo-person who, about twenty years ago, officiated as curate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and during that time married many couples, upon the discovery of his being an impostor, which became a matter of great notoriety, no Act of Parliament passed to give validity to the marriages which he had solemnized, which could only have arisen from the Government of the day being convinced, after the best advice, that in themselves they were valid.

In another part of the judgment he said:—

Here I must observe how little weight is to be given to what was gravely relied upon at the bar—the prevailing belief among mankind of the necessity of the presence of a priest at a valid marriage, as evinced by novelists and dramatists; for it will be found that these expounders of the law always make a marriage by a sham parson void, contrary to the opinion of Lord Stowell and the canonists; and they give validity to marriages in masquerade where the parties were entirely mistaken as to the persons with whom they are united—marriages which would hardly be supported in the Ecclesiastical Courts in a suit of jactitation, or for restitution of conjugal rights.

Upon the whole, it appears probable that Miss Brook really was married—unless, indeed, the question of the law of Egypt has any effect on the subject. Considering that Mr. Treherne was a great blackguard, and that Beatrice's friend and adviser, Maurice Llewellyn, was a lawyer, that he must have known of *R. v. Millis*, and that he might have known of *Simpson v. Caterall*, and *M'Lean v. Cristall* (the case seems to have occurred before *Beamish v. Beamish*), it is much to be regretted that the story did not end by a resort to Sir Cresswell Cresswell for the purpose of establishing the marriage. It would have been an excellent case for argument, and, as against Treherne, it would certainly have been *experimentum in corpore vili*.

#### THE SERMON-SECESSION MOVEMENT.

IF any one seeks to know how far attendance at sermons is an act of voluntary homage to the preacher, and how far dictated by deference to custom and the dread of singularity, let him observe a circumstance of frequent occurrence on Sunday in the side aisles of many of the West End churches. There, where an over-arching gallery casts its friendly shadow, making a very dim religious light, under cover of which access is easy and unnoticed, he will see, on the conclusion of the Prayers, one worshipper after another quietly slip away. This hebdomadal secession is decidedly on the increase. Though at present in its infancy, it is not without great significance. It is a tacit protest against the undue length of our Sunday services. A minority of the faithful laity, unable to sustain their attention through the strain of two or three long hours, are beginning to accord to themselves a measure of relief. So little being done by authority to meet the difficulty which the present system of accumulated services presents, people are beginning to take the matter into their own hands. *Soluitur ambulando*. But the growing practice of which we speak has a deeper meaning. It marks a serious inroad on an old prejudice of the Established Church, by which it was sought to maintain a sort of solidarity between prayer and preaching, and to prevent a man joining in the one without remaining to the other. Perhaps it is a first step towards the assertion of that freedom in the matter of hearing sermons which is so enviable a feature of Roman Catholic churches.

If we gain much, we lose something, by recruiting our clergy from a class which, as compared with the Church abroad, stands

high in the social scale. One of the minor evils is, that the sermon, as a part of the ecclesiastical machinery, has come to rest on an altogether unsatisfactory basis. It has lost its institutional character and acquired a personal one. With us, it is not the sermon so much as the preacher. Instead of being regarded as a mere incident of public worship, it is treated as an engine for personal display. No one can accuse the Church of Rome of underrating the importance of preaching. Of all the weapons in her armoury it is the one she wields with the most signal effect. And yet there is no impression which a Continental preacher creates more strongly than that he is all that time discharging a simple clerical function. He is merely the prescribed mouthpiece whereby a certain message is to be communicated. In England, the individuality of the preacher is never lost sight of. Even where he does not take pains to keep it well in view, his audience cannot forget it. He is listened to, not as the official exponent of divine truth, but as a member of society, with a more or less assured position in the world, entitling his observations to more or less weight. We remember a clergyman who took his dinner invitations as the best measure of the advance of Church principles in the parish. "Things are at a stand-still," he would say, "for no one asks me to dinner." This was a whimsical way of stating what is undoubtedly true—that clerical influence chiefly depends on personal and social qualifications. It is difficult to say where the authority of the pulpit begins and that of the dinner-table ends. The one fades into the other. They blend harmoniously and aid each other. As Talleyrand said of himself that he was a Frenchman before he was a priest, so it may be said of the better portion of the Anglican clergy (not the literates and used-up schoolmasters who go northwards for ordination), that their feelings as English gentlemen remain unaltered by their assumption of the cloth. Unquestionably this is the chief source of their usefulness. But the jealous assertion of their secular rights may be carried too far, and has given rise to more than one erroneous notion. It has made them sensitive on points about which they had no reason to be sensitive. One of these is the consideration to which their utterances in the pulpit are entitled. To turn from a sermon has come to be regarded by both pastor and flock as an act of intentional disrespect. It is considered as uncourteous a proceeding as it would be to turn from a friend, who was upon the point of opening his lips, without waiting to hear what he had to say. To move to the door as the clergyman moves to the pulpit is considered by an ordinary congregation as neither more nor less than a breach of good manners. It wants a face of brass to beat an open retreat under the general frown of disapproval. One is almost tempted to recur to the school-boy expedient of affecting a sudden determination of blood to the nose. Nothing but the exhibition of some such symptom of distress is held to be a valid excuse for quitting church prematurely. Apart from the unpleasant consciousness of shocking the feelings of your fellow-worshippers, there are physical obstacles which beset your retreat. Pew-doors have a nasty way of first sticking fast in defiance of all the known laws of mechanics, then of creaking loudly, and lastly, of opening with an explosive bounce, which echoes through the sacred fane, and covers the involuntary cause of the disturbance with confusion. A tender conscience might almost see in this *contretemps* a judgment for its indifference to spiritual privileges as evinced by not awaiting the coming discourse. Then you may have been so unlucky as to have left behind you, in your nervous agitation, a Prayer-book, stick, or umbrella; and this necessitates a reappearance, which gives you a peculiarly hardened and impenitent look. When at last the door is gained, your perturbations are not at an end. The conformation of the ecclesiastical door may be regarded as decisive of an often mooted question as to the final cause of doors generally. It is made to shut, and not to open. Try it what way you will, it refuses obstinately to stir on its hinges. The coaxing and the shaking method are equally ineffectual. At last, recovering self-possession from despair, you succeed in penetrating the mystery of its construction, and, with an inward anathema on the ingenuity of the locksmith of the Plantagenet or Tudor period, you emerge once more into the street, heated, flushed, and in a frame of mind anything but devotional.

All this is very absurd. There is no reason why, because you do not intend to stay for the sermon, you should be driven either to stalk out of church like a careless Gallio, or steal away like a guilty thing. Your motive for curtailing the service may be irreproachable. You may have a sick friend upon your hands, from whose bedside, if an hour be exceeded, you will be missed. You may have already heard one sermon that day, and it may be your honest conviction that a second impairs the plenary effect of the first. Or you may think that the wandering thoughts which pulpit platitudes invariably superinduce by no means tend to edification. Whatever his motive, whether these or some other less weighty, every one who joins in public worship should have the option of retiring before the sermon begins, without thereby incurring the risk of being thought a profane person. The possibility of a portion of the congregation wishing to leave at the end of the prayers ought to be recognised in the service arrangements. A short pause before the sermon might be the signal to all who wished to withdraw. That no such interval is allowed is to be accounted for, we presume, by the apprehension that, in the present dearth of good pulpit oratory, it would be the signal for the preacher to address empty walls. It is not, however, in the interest of the faithful laity only, but

in that of the clergy themselves, that we desire that the virtually compulsory attendance at sermons should cease. Much has been heard of late of the incapacity of our preachers. People have attributed the phenomenon to all sorts of causes. The dearth of good sermons has been assumed to be a consequence of the growing disinclination of clever and thoughtful young men to enter Holy Orders. Others have connected it with the decline in the art of elocution, which used to be as much a part of clerical training as a knowledge of the Bible or a study of the Fathers. But while all sorts of theories have been broached to account for the degeneracy of the pulpit, one of the main causes seems to us, from its very simplicity, to have been overlooked. That cause is, the consciousness on the part of the preacher that, preach what stuff he may, he is sure of an audience. It is impossible to imagine anything better calculated to render the discharge of this branch of his duty careless, slovenly, and perfunctory. What actor would take pains to elaborate his part, if he was sure beforehand of crowded theatres, however indifferent his performance? Or what orator would exert himself to be persuasive and convincing if he knew that the House must listen perforce to his speech, however dull, with respectful attention, instead of rushing out to dinner? To be aware that his chances of a hearing depend entirely on what he has to say, or the manner of saying it, puts a man on his mettle, and makes him do his best. But this stimulus is wanting in the case of the preacher. He knows that whether he bestows much or little thought on his sermon, whether it be well or ill adapted to this people, whether it be a well-reasoned argument or a mere string of vapid moralities, it will go down equally well, and not a pew will be the emptier. Such a consciousness cannot but have a demoralizing effect on the clerical mind. It leads, in many cases, to a slipshod, mechanical discharge of the preacher's office. It engenders, insensibly, a feeling of contempt for the understanding of his hearers, of which we see frequent traces. Not a few among the clergy, if taxed with their shortcomings in the pulpit, would attempt to justify them on the ground that the style of preaching which cost them the least labour was the style of preaching most intelligible to Hodge and Biddy.

The obvious remedy lies in sweeping away the protective system by which bad preaching is sheltered and the clerical energies stifled, instead of being developed. The principles of free trade and wholesome competition ought to be applied to sermons as well as to other commodities. The company of preachers stands in need of a Lowe, with one of those drastic measures with which he purges the schoolmasters of inefficiency. Like the latter, they ought to stand or fall by results—that is, by the actual merit of their discourses alone. And the first step towards bringing this about is to release the faithful laity from the sort of moral obligation which compels them to hear one sermon, if not two, every Sunday. Once let the sermon be detached from the rest of the service, or the custom of retiring during the short interval before its commencement be generally introduced, and very remarkable consequences would ensue. The good preachers would be thronged, as indeed they are now, while the incapables would be left to read their homilies to bare benches. Nor is there any ground for the apprehension that, if attendance at sermons were optional, it would soon come to be dispensed with altogether. The University sermon at Oxford and Cambridge might be cited as a proof to the contrary. There is nothing to bind the young men to attend; but, as a matter of fact, whenever a preacher of eminence is announced, the galleries are crowded. As for the mortification which many a young curate would feel at finding himself quietly, but most effectually silenced, we do not think it would deserve much sympathy. Clerical susceptibilities are apt to be far too easily wounded. It is high time to clear our national worship of the reproach which has been levelled at it, not altogether undeservedly, of being a solemn compliment to the minister, rather than a means of edification to the flock.

#### CIVIL WAR IN GREECE.

A CIVIL war at Athens, in which the Royal Palace and the National Bank have been the principal objects of attack, has drawn the flagging attention of Europe to the political and military condition of Greece. Alarm is very naturally felt lest the country, by falling into a state of anarchy, should become once more a source of embarrassment to statesmen, and a burden on the finances of the three protecting Powers. An account of what has happened, carefully collected from impartial spectators, will enable our readers to understand the causes of the recent disturbances, and to judge what is likely to be their ultimate effects.

For some months past, serious disorders have occurred in different parts of Greece. The revolution did not put an end to the system of misgovernment which caused the Greeks to rise against King Otho, and Athens itself has remained for nine months without a legally constituted municipal Government. Indeed, it was almost impossible that any reforms could be attempted, for the leading Ministers since the revolution have been men whose administrative experience was acquired in King Otho's service, and they are not generally mentioned as the best men who served him. It would, therefore, be a miracle if the public service were not now in a worse state than it was formerly. The National Assembly cannot enforce even the partial responsibility which poor Otho at times brought home to his servants. The present Ministers appear to have neglected their administrative duties, left crime unpunished, multiplied the evils of place-hunting, and brought the country to



the verge of ruin. In vain Mr. Scarlett, as far back as the 4th of May, warned the members of the Government, in a candid and friendly note, that anarchy prevailed in the police at Athens in a very repulsive form. He pointed out to them that the outrage committed on the person of a French actress was one of a long series of unpunished crimes, and he strove to awaken a feeling of self-respect in the breasts of the Greek Ministers by affording them the means of appealing to the public opinion of civilized society in their endeavours to enforce obedience to the law. Even under such circumstances, it required a second note from our Ambassador to make men whose hearts had been hardened in King Otho's service sensible of what is due by Greece to the feelings of Europe. An effort was at last made to establish order. Some troops were removed from the capital, where their lawless violence had become intolerable, even before the Soulié outrage. Fewer parties of privates were seen driving through the streets in old court carriages, and there was a diminution in the number of women and children ridden over by military equestrians who gallop through crowded streets and crooked lanes as if black death were threatening to jump up behind them.

The condition of the streets of Athens was improved, but the political evils which had disorganized Greek society were not diminished. Indeed, both intrigue and jobbery were said to have increased within the precincts of the National Assembly. And as soon as the Commission deputed to offer the crown of Greece to King George returned from Copenhagen, a violent struggle arose among the leading Greeks, ex-Ministers, and ex-Ambassadors, for places in the Cabinet. An opinion is prevalent that those who shall be fortunate enough to hold Ministerial offices when the new King arrives will be able to retain their posts for a long period; and all parties quicken the activity of their supporters by proclaiming that, in order to put an end to the abuses that arise from the present practice of every Minister changing all officials, even to the village schoolmasters, a law will be passed rendering civil offices, like judgeships, secure during good behaviour. By this lure, those who respect the law are won. But a very different and numerous class of partisans has been recruited by assurances that any acts of violence which may be committed in a struggle for power must escape punishment, because the new King will be compelled to grant a general amnesty for all crimes committed during the interval between the dethronement of King Otho and his own arrival at Athens. It is a curious study to compare the events which have happened since the expulsion of Otho with the occurrences after the assassination of Capodistrias. The conduct of nations, like that of individuals, is marked by strong characteristics. Time and education may modify vices, and enlarge virtues; but a national type of character may be traced in the similarity of men and of events. No one, however, who has watched the affairs of Greece during the last nine months will deny that the people have learned something since the days of anarchy in 1832. The disorganized soldiery then plundered the Peloponnesus, and the people were powerless to restrain their exactions. But now, though the Greeks have no local institutions, they have succeeded in forming a National Guard, and that National Guard has placed considerable restraint on a disorganized army. The political improvement of nations proceeds slowly, so that it is consoling to mark any decided improvement in the political condition of the Greeks during the last generation. When we look around at the rest of Europe, there is no reason to be astonished that good government has not been established in Greece. It is consoling to find that some progress has been made, and that the future affords good hopes.

The National Assembly, which unites the supreme legislative and executive powers, though sitting at Athens, is not a body that represents the Greek State. It is a revolutionary Chamber convoked from among the Greeks scattered over the world, and composed according to no principle of constitutional law, traditionary usage, or common sense. Deputies elected by a few shopkeepers in some town of Syria, by a few domestics in some place in Wallachia, and by a few merchants and their clerks at Alexandria and Manchester, sit and vote on an equality with the representatives returned by many thousand native citizens of Greece who have rejected the claims of the very men that have intruded themselves into the Assembly as representatives of new communities. What should we say in England to see members of Parliament sitting as representatives of the English residents at Caen and Boulogne, or of the English commercial interests at Tangiers or Madeira? Such as it is, the National Assembly contains more pretenders to Cabinet offices than ever sat in one Chamber before. There are now living at Athens ten persons who have held the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, without counting the gentleman who is at present Minister. And parties are almost as numerous in the Assembly as Ministers of Foreign Affairs. Parties entirely personal exercise more influence than those based on political principles. Financial reform, municipal institutions, military abuses, improvement of the civil administration, and the reorganization of the body politic, are only treated vaguely and superficially, while individual names are made the shibboleths of party warfare.

The Greeks say that the Assembly is split up into a dozen fractions under party leaders who pretend to direct the Government, but two sections have been formed of the packs who unite in hunting for place. These two sections are named the Mountain (*ορεινὴ*) and the Plain (*πλατινὴ*), in imitation of the French party names, for the Greeks have little acquaintance with

any modern political ideas except those of France. The Mountain embraces the extreme Liberals, and the partisans of that species of liberal despotism symbolized by French Imperialism, not to speak of a few thorough revolutionists. It is abler and more energetic than its rival, though perhaps not so numerous. The Plain consists of those mild Constitutionalists who prefer salaries to principles, timid capitalists, half Othonists, and a little band of place-hunters who call themselves the English party, of which he is a very consistent member who has only deserted the party once. These two sections prepared to find themselves in office at the moment of the King's arrival, even if power could only be attained by a civil war, or held by a proscription. The collision may have been precipitated by the action of a few. On the 20th of June, Colonel Koronaos, one of the leaders of the Nauplia revolt last year, was elected Minister of War by the support of the Mountain. Some of the Plain pretended to fear a proscription, and resolved to prepare for resistance. A brigand chief was sent out from Athens, where he had been held in leash like a blood-hound, to serve as a nucleus for assembling an armed force. This mode of proceeding is an inheritance from Ali Pasha of Joannina, and was frequently practised during the reign of King Otho. The brigand attended to his own business before devoting his attention to the political schemes of his employers, and in order to avenge some private grief, brought on his head by a mistake in the appropriation of property, attacked the village of Liapesi. The villagers repulsed him, and drove him into the monastery of Asomatos, which, being only a little beyond the Royal garden, afforded an opportunity for his employers of the Plain to protect him. He was soon surrounded by armed peasants, *gendarmes*, and troops of the line, and would have been compelled to surrender at discretion or to die under arms had some of his protectors not patronised his demand for an amnesty. The 30th of June passed in negotiations with the brigands, and the road to the monastery in the evening was crowded with Athenians and strangers, on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, all eager to tell or to hear some new thing. Their curiosity was soon gratified. Koronaos, the Minister of War, arrested Leotsakos, who commanded the sixth battalion of infantry, which occupied the villa of the late Duchess of Plaisance, called Ilyssia. The troops of Leotsakos, indignant at what they deemed the treachery of the Government in surprising their leader, seized Koumoundouros, Minister of Finance, and Kalliphourmas, Minister of Public Instruction, two of the most active members of the Ministry, old Ministers of King Otho, and leaders of factions of the National Assembly.

These two Ministers were endeavouring to appease the movement of the brigands when they were seized as hostages for the safety of Leotsakos. The 6th battalion, whose tendencies had always been in favour of the Plain, was thus rather rashly driven into open revolt, while the brigands still held possession of Asomatos. The Mountain became identified with the Ministry, and the Plain supported Leotsakos. The palace, which completely commands the town of Athens, was garrisoned by troops of the Mountain, and the Government was the master of the situation; but the Minister of War, in order to concentrate the whole military power in his own hands, ruined the position of his party by ordering Colonel Papadimantopoulos to be removed from the command of the artillery, and Colonel Artemes Michos from the command of the gendarmerie. Both these officers were, like Colonel Koronaos himself, leaders of the revolution against King Otho, and, being popular with the troops, their corps refused to obey the orders of the Minister of War, who had only held office for two days, and whose nomination had not been well received either in the army or by public opinion. During the night, the insurgents concerted their measures and resolved to attack the palace. On the 1st of July, at daylight, the firing commenced. A few shells were thrown through the windows. Aristides Kanares, son of the old hero who commanded the mountaineers, was mortally wounded, and the garrison appears to have lost heart. When a truce was established, the palace was evacuated and occupied by the gendarmes. The Plain was then in possession of the best military position, but its connexion with the brigands caused great disgust among the citizens and the National Guards.

In the meantime, the National Assembly had met, and, though one of the members of a Commission appointed to establish a truce at the palace had been wounded, a truce was at last established. The President of the Ministry and three members of his Cabinet having resigned, the existing Government was broken up, and the Assembly invested its President, Diomedes Kyriakos, a man generally esteemed, with the whole executive power until it could proceed to elect a new Ministry. During the truce, Leotsakos was released by the Mountain, and the two Ministers by the troops who held them as hostages. Peace appeared to be established, and the night passed over quietly, but neither party was satisfied, and both were still confident in their strength, and eager to secure the nomination of a Ministry composed exclusively of their partisans.

On the 2nd of July, hostilities were recommenced by Koronaos making an unexpected attack on the National Bank, which was of no importance as a military post, and which could not be taken without exposing the town to pillage. The excuse for this act of aggression is said by the Mountain to have been that Koronaos was fired at as he passed near the Bank by the gendarmes who were posted to guard the establishment. Nobody appears to have been hurt, and even if the shot came from the Bank, the misconduct of a sentinel could never become a warrant for an officer who had been Minister of War the day before to order a body of

troops in a disorganized army to attack a building which it was well known contained much private treasure, and whose inviolability was generally regarded as essential to the preservation of social order at Athens. This attack was fortunately as ill-conducted as it was ill-judged. The garrison of the Bank, though smaller, defended itself better than the garrison of the Palace, and the troops of Koronaioi were repulsed. The proceedings against the Bank operated in creating a feeling of aversion to the Mountain party, not very dissimilar to that which the dealings with the brigands had excited against the Plain. The fighting on the 2nd continued for several hours, and a good many citizens and soldiers were killed in some wild skirmishing at the corners of streets. On the 1st the number of the killed was estimated at between twenty and thirty, and the wounded from forty to fifty, and on this day the loss was supposed to be still greater.

Mr. Scarlett, seeing that there was some danger either of a general pillage or of the National Guard being involved as a party in the civil war, proposed to his colleagues that they should endeavour to re-establish order, and, through the cordial co-operation of M. Bourée and Count Bloudoff, a truce was established for forty-eight hours. On the 3rd July, a note of the three Ministers, which has been published, was sent to the National Assembly, announcing that, if order should not be restored before the expiration of the truce, the Ministers of the three protecting Powers would feel themselves bound to quit Athens, and embark in their ships at the Piræus. This note had the great merit of coming at the proper time, and saying what everybody desired. It operated as a law for the restoration of peace. The National Assembly met, elected a new Ministry, and ordered all the troops to quit Athens, and take up their quarters at Pentelici, Rephisia, and the monastery of Daphne. The military duty in the town was confided to the National Guard, and the National Bank was occupied by a guard of marines from the allied ships at the Piræus, as a protection to the property of the English, French, Russian, and other foreign shareholders in the establishment.

Unfortunately, during the civil war, the brigands, assisted by soldiers who deserted their colours, pillaged several houses, and the brother of Mr. Lascarides, a patriotic merchant in London, was robbed of a considerable amount of property. Various reports were disseminated by the different parties during the disturbances, in order to induce the National Guard to take part in the struggle. Some of the inventions were very amusing, but would not bear recounting. The party which affects to call itself English loudly accused the French partisans of commencing the civil war, in order to bring about an occupation of Athens by French troops; and the party which proclaims itself French asserted confidently that the disturbances were caused by English intrigues, with the view of preventing the cession of the Ionian Islands.

It was soon known that the troubles in Greece were not confined to Athens. While the disorganized army was making the streets of the capital the scene of its broils, two factions were fighting for power and place in Etolia, and Agrinion (Vrachori) was also the theatre of civil war and pillage. News has since arrived that a party in Maina has taken up arms against the National Assembly, and proclaimed King Otho; but this attempt at a restoration causes no very serious alarm, and all the troops declare that they are ready to march against the partisans of Bavaria.

One good effect must result from this civil war. It has at least proved that the dissolution of the Greek army is an unavoidable necessity. Any attempt to reorganize a body so completely disorganized in all its members would be sure to fail, and as long as a disorganized army of ten thousand men exists in Greece, it is futile to talk either of public security or financial reform. Most unfortunately for Greece at this crisis, the National Assembly is not a body so composed as to possess the influence and authority necessary to prepare the country for the reception of the new King. The conduct of its members has been so marked by jobbing, personal avidity, and neglect of constitutional principles, that the people have lost all confidence in men who were once expected to exhibit models of political honesty and administrative wisdom. Greece insists on being governed as a Constitutional State, but neither the laws nor the Constitution of the country have at any period been able to command the respect and obedience of the Ministers, the Senators, and other high functionaries of the kingdom. A great administrative change must be effected before the Government of King George can be securely established, and no man in Greece at present is possessed of the experience in government necessary to effect the change. A dictator appears to be needed to strengthen the law and consolidate the Constitution.

#### CATHEDRAL RESTORATION.

CHANGES, for good and for evil, are so constantly going on in the fabrics and arrangements of our greater churches that he must be a very diligent chronicler of such matters who can keep pace with all of them. We should be afraid to say how many cathedral churches are at this moment under the care of Mr. Scott, besides those which are entrusted to less famous hands. Some of these restorations contrive to get a name throughout the kingdom, while others are little known beyond their own county or diocese. We shall ourselves just now comment on a few only of which we can speak from personal experience within the last few months.

Next to the model restoration of Lichfield, which simply sets before us an English minster as it should be, we have been most pleased with the works at Hereford, which, after so many years, are at last drawing near to their completion. The church, as an historical study of architecture, on the whole surpasses Lichfield, but it is certainly less pleasing as a building. The Norman nave underwent, at the hands of the Gothic architects, just change enough to make the effect incongruous. They would have done better had they left it alone, or had they wholly recast it. And, neither inside nor out, has the building ever recovered from the fall of the western tower and the substitution of the present miserable modern west front. Some day, let us hope, this great loss may be replaced, but it is sound wisdom to make the more essential parts of the church perfect before attempting it. This, we may say, has now been successfully done, and Hereford will certainly rank next to Lichfield. It might have been bracketed along with it except for one unhappy error in the arrangements. They are essentially the same as those of Lichfield, the choir being fenced off by a light metal screen of the same type which was so much approved in the International Exhibition. But, unfortunately, this screen is to be placed across the eastern arch of the lantern instead of the western. It will occupy the same position as at Lichfield, but then the circumstances of the two churches are quite different. The eastern arch is the right place for it at Lichfield, and it is the wrong place for it at Hereford. Lichfield has a long choir and presbytery—longer, indeed, even now than is absolutely necessary for modern use—and there can be no doubt that, ever since the church assumed its present form, the stalls have always been east of the tower. But at Hereford, the old Norman arrangement had remained unaltered till now. The choir has always been under the tower, the eastern limb being only a short Norman presbytery. By the new position of the screen, the eastern limb is made to act as both choir and presbytery, and, besides the needless departure from the ancient arrangement, the practical effects are bad in two ways. The space east of the tower is far too small for a purpose for which it was never meant, and the most unpleasant crowding is the result. Also, with the choir under the tower and with light open screens, the transepts as well as the nave would be available for the congregation. This may be seen in Oxford Cathedral, where the peculiar circumstances of the church require the mass of the congregation to be in the north transept. But, with the choir east of the tower, the transepts are nearly lost, or can be used only in a very inferior degree.

But this drawback—though a serious one—to the otherwise praiseworthy restoration of Hereford, is as nothing compared with the amazing pranks which have lately been played with the unhappy cathedral at Bristol. As that city has only half a Bishop, it has, perhaps appropriately, only half a cathedral. The church is the old Abbey of St. Augustine, shorn of its nave in the short space between the dissolution of the monastery and the foundation of the bishopric. The abbey church was not very large when it was perfect, and the fragment of it which now remains is of course the smallest cathedral in England. Within this small space a representation of the normal arrangements of a cathedral had been very ingeniously made by thrusting everything eastwards. A nave had been made out of the crossing and the two western bays of the choir, while a choir, ample for the purposes of a choir, was made beyond, by placing the altar at the extreme east end. But, under the modern system of cramming everybody into the choir, there certainly was not room for all those inhabitants of a large city who wished to attend a very attractive and popular choral service. One would have thought that the most effectual remedy would have been to rebuild the nave, and one would have thought that, in so great and wealthy a city, it might easily have been done. To build a cathedral nave sounds a great matter, if we think of such naves as Winchester or Ely; but the scale of Bristol Cathedral is really so small that to rebuild the nave of the original size would not have been a greater work than the erection of many of our large modern parish churches. At any rate, the thing was worth trying; it was worth putting out an "appeal," and making a little flourish of trumpets. But we cannot find that the slightest step was ever taken in that direction. The energies of the Dean and Chapter were wholly devoted to making what they could out of what King Harry had thought good to give them. And a queer thing they have made out of it. As it stood before, the choir was arranged like all other choirs. The Dean was satisfied with the stall with which all Deans, Provosts, Wardens, Priors, and mitred Abbots to boot, had been satisfied from time immemorial. The Bishop received from his Royal founder a comfortable throne, which the irreverent likened to a four-post bed, but whose low canopy, as contrasted with the soaring spire-work of Exeter, Wells, and St. David's, was perhaps intended to symbolize the humbler position of a prelate who owed his being to Henry VIII. A screen fenced off the choir—a screen which Mr. Froude would have revered, as it bore the venerable initials of H. R. and E. P. Now, all is different. The mind of the Dean and Chapter of Bristol—we assume that there is such a thing as a corporate mind—would certainly be a very curious sight, if one could only look into it. They had some idea of enlarging the available space for the congregation. They had some idea of removing a heavy barrier between that congregation and the choir; at the same time they had a sort of vague notion that a cathedral ought to have a screen across it somewhere. They, therefore, took away King Harry's



screen, and, by shoving things a little more eastward still, they got room for a certain amount of congregation in the western bays of the original choir. It is manifest that the square of the tower might have supplied room for a good many more. The transepts, too, as they stand at Bristol, would have been more available than they can be in most places. But then, where was to be the screen—the distinctive badge, as they doubtless thought, of cathedral rank? It was to be somewhere, and it was not to be between the choir and the people. It will hardly be believed by those who have not seen it that the Dean and Chapter of Bristol have set up a screen, not King Harry's screen, but a screen of their own devising, across the eastern arch of the lantern—a glazed screen, which, when the first object was to find more room, condemns the crossing and transepts to utter uselessness, save for the benefit of idlers, who naturally mistake the arrangement for that of a peep-show, and who look through the glass at the devotions of Chapter and congregation.

But this is not all. There is, perhaps, in the decanal mind generally, a certain tendency to attach special importance to the apostolic rule of magnifying one's office. But surely this pardonable weakness has never before risen to such a pitch as it has done at Bristol. Other Deans have at most distinguished their own stall by a canopy of unusual pretensions; it was reserved for the present Dean of Bristol to take flight altogether from the position with which all other Deans have hitherto been satisfied. Chapters seem to have a natural tendency towards oligarchy; and the Dean had a triumph to win over both a democratic and a monarchical enemy. The screen being gone, the Very Reverend person would have been brought into the close neighbourhood of the general population of the city. While all other Deans that ever were had occupied the most western place on the right side of the choir, the Dean of Bristol took flight to the most eastern place on the left. And here a threatening object met his eyes exactly opposite. There was the four-poster of the Bishop, which, after three hundred years, had got to look fairly venerable. Would a mere stall do for the Dean in face of such an object? What was the Bishop? He was only half a Bishop to anybody—a mere joint possession with Gloucester; and to the Chapter he was hardly half a Bishop—a mere Visitor under King Harry's statutes, without the patronage of a single stall in the Cathedral body. Surely the Dean, the head of the Chapter, the representative of Abbots, was at least his equal. The result of these cogitations has been that the old throne and its four-poster have departed, and that, by an arrangement unknown to any other church in Christendom, Bishop and Dean occupy two equal thrones opposite one another, of which the Dean's is rather the finer of the two.

At Worcester, when we last saw it, the arrangements were as yet undetermined, and we do not know whether anything has been settled since. The nature of the building points to Lichfield as the proper model. Whether the new appearance which this church is putting on is, or is not, physically necessary with so crumbling a stone, is an architect's question on which we will not decide. But one thing is certain—that the present works are destroying the history of the building. The eastern limb of Worcester Cathedral was not a pure building of the thirteenth century, but a building of the thirteenth century which had gone through several later alterations. It is mere wanton destruction of history to wipe out all the records of these changes. Granting (which in many points we greatly doubt) that the present restoration will bring it back to its exact condition in the thirteenth century—granting that every change since the thirteenth century was a change for the worse—still history claims that those changes, mere changes in architectural detail, should not be obliterated. The old east window was no great beauty; its tracery, we believe, was modern and worthless. But the fact that such a window was inserted is a fact in the history both of this particular building and of architectural art in general. The modern tracery might of course be replaced with tracery suited to the position. But to destroy the window altogether, to substitute a composition of lancets, even if it can be proved that they represent the original design, is wantonly to tear out a page of the architectural history of our country. The mischief at the east end is now irreparable, but it is not too late to save the similar insertion at the west.

Meanwhile, news comes from a more distant quarter, of the contemplated restoration of one of the most interesting churches in the United Kingdom. The exquisite little Cathedral of St. Canice, at Kilkenny, must have charmed every one who has had the good luck to visit that city, so rich alike in baronial and in ecclesiastical history. Small, like all Irish churches, the outline of the minster itself, and its grouping with the tall neighbouring round tower, is absolutely perfect. Not a gable or a window, or a battlement, least of all the low massive central tower, could be touched without doing irreparable mischief. On the other hand, nowhere is "restoration" more needed, in the sense of clearing out every sort of wretched internal arrangement. Here there is something to be done, but to be done very tenderly. What is wanted is the simple removal of modern barbarisms, not the alteration of one stone of the ancient features. The work, we believe, is likely to be entrusted to a native Irish architect. It remains to be seen whether the nation which could produce a work at once so simple and so perfect retains skill enough and taste enough to value it as it deserves, and to free it from modern disfigurements without sinning in the least degree against either history or art.

#### LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

THE appetite for news in the present day is so great that even local papers are considered of some importance in the districts where they are published. A man who owns one is regarded by his neighbours as a person to be propitiated and kept on good terms with, and he may let his ambition range to the lofty height of a seat in the Town Council without much fear of disappointment. There is scarcely a town or a village of a thousand inhabitants which has not its own especial "organ" to represent it. Why some of these papers should be published at all, or how they subsist, is a mystery; for they generally have nothing more momentous to record than a few drunken cases at the police court, the score of a cricket match, or incidents such as that Dame Roberts's hen had successfully laid an egg on five consecutive mornings. In these times, when a man may be in a dozen different towns in the course of a day, he may pick up a different newspaper at each place, and yet find that they all contain precisely the same paragraphs, except in the outer sheet. For a whole week this same newspaper, under various titles, may follow a man round the three kingdoms. This is the very circumstance that explains the existence of so many penny local journals. The whole brood is hatched in London, and any country printer who has type enough by him to print two or three columns may have a really readable newspaper sent down to him, called by any name he may choose, and with a blank left for whatever local news he may be able to scrape together. If at the last moment he cannot fill up the blank, he may have columns of "stereotype" down from London to make the thing complete. The paper thus produced is always worth the sum charged for it, which is more than can be said for some old county journals of far greater pretensions. Any one who happens to find himself, at this travelling season, in a country inn, with only the county paper and a local directory as his companions, will do well to take up the directory, and let the paper alone. There are exceptions; but we advise tourists to attend to the rule, and not expect to meet the exceptions. Too many local papers seem to be got up by the local shoemaker when in a state of temporary collapse. Nevertheless, they flourish; and it is even possible that now and then they may be of service to the locality, in spite of their incoherence.

Of all the local papers we have ever met with, those of Brighton are incomparably the worst. In a town of consequence there is generally at least one paper which is fit for a man of sense to take up. In Brighton they are all so unutterably feeble and silly that we doubt whether the ladies'-maids and footmen treat them with common civility. Of course they lead each other a cat-and-dog life, and quarrel about their respective circulations with a vigour and intensity which we have never seen equalled in any other town save Newport in Monmouthshire, where two journals once fought a question of a hundred copies or so for more than three years at a stretch, and mauled each other so terribly that even the townsfolk, who like a hot warfare, stood aghast at the struggle. In Brighton, contests of this kind are only carried on at intervals, during seasons when the antagonists are not exhausting their energies in looking after fashionable arrivals. As a rule, it is not easy for a chance reader to ascertain of what politics the papers are. Few small local journals have distinct opinions of their own; they generally help themselves to our articles, or those of our contemporaries, or at the most content themselves with following the lead that is set them. There is a Liverpool paper which makes really a respectable appearance by adopting this simple, easy, and inexpensive system. But our contemporaries at Brighton deserve the praise which belongs to the heroes of melodrama over the water—if they are poor, they are honest. They would evidently rather go about bare than steal the garments of others. Their original matter is so execrably bad that one acquits them of all suspicion of plagiarism at once, and is ready to own that the stuff must be of true Brighton manufacture. One of the papers lately had an article concerning Parliament and politics. Its sentiments were so beautifully impartial that they deserve to be quoted:—

It seems probable that the Whigs will go out—though why they should do so is not very clear; and if they do it is certain that the Tories will come in, though why that should be the case is beyond all philosophy.

This is really a great way of dealing with troublesome questions in the dog-days. Turning, in a similar spirit, to the American war, the oracle pronounces its opinion in these words:—"The condition of the Federals is astonishing in the extreme"—a statement which cannot possibly give offence to either party in the struggle. Friends of the North may take it as a compliment, and friends of the South as a piece of irony. The *Brighton Observer* can, however, be decided and forcible when, as Colonel Diver says, it "riles up." Mr. Coningham, the member for the borough, does not seem to be a favourite with the local journals. Had he fallen beneath the lash of Mr. Jefferson Brick himself, he could not have fared worse than he did the other day in the hands of the *Observer*. It began mildly by accusing him of acting in the House of Commons in a manner "opposed to all gentlemanly propriety," and fit only for a Yankee senate. The writer worked himself up into great wrath as he proceeded, as all local scolds do, and came down upon "our member" with a terrible crash:—

His voice in Parliament is impotent for any grave purpose, as it is listened to only as is that of a clown in a circus; and now that he has sacrificed his position as a gentleman—now that he has had it publicly thrown in his teeth that the House regards him as a lunatic, it can no longer be said, even by his best friend, that he is a fit and proper person to represent so important a constituency as that of Brighton. . . . Not only is he unfit as a

gentleman and as a politician, but he is unfit for reasons of a more domestic and local character.

This is very strong language; but it is astonishing how small is the effect produced by strong language in a local paper. People like the articles to be fiery, and the writers are skilled in that rude form of literary composition which deals in hard names and abuse, unaware of the fact that such writing does no mischief whatever except to the paper in which it appears. They fall into the mistake of supposing that a coarse attack must be a damaging one. The *Brighton Times*, warmed by its contemporary, continued to flatter Mr. Coningham on the following day. It insinuated that he was "the laughing-stock of the wide world;" and advised him to give up his seat and take to dealing in old books. Of course insults like these could not be passed over in silence if they proceeded from a source held in good repute, but every one must perceive that the vituperated member would be all that the Brighton papers represent him if he was at all discomposed by their ravings.

There are generally two other great features in a common local paper—the poetry, and the graphic descriptions. The "poets' corner" always brings some subscribers, for directly a paper is established in a town, some "mute inglorious Milton" is sure to find his tongue. In a Welsh paper of a week or two ago there are some stirring lines upon national unity; and when we state that the poet dates from Blaenavon, no one will read his poem with surprise:—

We must, henceforth, be one nation,  
All our interest now is one;  
One, indeed, is our condition,  
National difference must be gone.  
England now must be united,  
Both in souls, in hearts, and hands;  
While united, things arighted,  
Who can meet her mighty bands?  
English caution, Celtic vigour,  
Safe to conquer—win the field;  
Should the foe show fiendish rigour,  
Britains cannot, will not yield.

This is fine; but our friends at Brighton equal it in a dirge to the memory of the late King of Madagascar. What would Mr. Ellis think of the following?—

The righteous is taken from evil to come;  
The Monarch who reigned under Christ is gone home,  
The wicked rejoice, and the prayer and the song  
Of heart-stricken believers is hushed—but how long  
Oh! righteous and holy, who reignest above,  
How long wilt thou see the dear sons of thy love  
Offended and crushed, 'neath the heel of the strong,  
Whose might is of hell, Oh, Saviour, how long?

This gentleman has not even the excuse of living at Blaenavon, which we take to be a place something similar to the Madagascar of his martyred saint. Was it the same hand that criticized Madame Ristori in these words?—

Her impersonation of *Medea* last night was indeed faultless, and were we to write columns we could neither say more nor less.

The last part of the statement is beyond all contradiction. It is similar to an announcement in the *Brighton Times* of the result of a cricket-match:—

We are not able to give the result as a triumph for our own County of Sussex, which, in fact, lost the match by 89 runs.

We do not see that anything can be more delicately put than this.

Equally great is the local journal when it is so fortunate as to have an unusual event to describe, particularly if the event has been in the nature of a festivity, and if there has been any eating and drinking going forward. Some reporters, indeed, invariably practise the didactic style, as in an account we lately saw of a "Band of Hope" excursion to Malvern, which began thus:—

In all ages and in all countries there has ever been a ready disposition among the people to participate in popular amusements and means of recreation. The Greeks and Romans had their games and gladiatorial combats—

and so on for half a column. Only a thoroughly local mind can enjoy this. We prefer the lighter school, which flourishes so notably in the sea air of Brighton. There was a Foresters' fête the other day at Shoreham, of which we found a glowing account in the *Brighton Observer*. The fun of the article consisted in the glimpses which the writer gave us into his personal habits and history.

On Monday (he said), I am usually in funds, which by Wednesday are expended, and the remainder of the week is eked out by visiting my friends at dinner-time, and by small loans, negotiated in the best way practicable with my mother's brother.

When he turns from this subject to describe the scene in the gardens, he is less cheerful. The principal things he noted were "a dense crowd, and a good deal of perspiration"—evils that do not seem to have impaired his relish for the refreshments that were subsequently provided. There is no doubt that, insufferable as this kind of writing may be to any one not well used to local papers, it entirely satisfies the local mind. And it is a curious fact that after a man has lived some time in a town, he ceases to be aware of the faults in his weekly paper, and is even capable of feeling pleased when he finds his own name mentioned with approbation. For, small as some of these insects are, they can sting pretty sharply; and it is as well for the borough member to be on good terms with them at election time. Upon the whole, they are as independent as we can fairly expect them to be. The larger journals are, of course, abso-

lutely so. The small fry may be excused if they now and then puff off a bad entertainment or a quack pill, in consideration of certain emoluments. Fortunately, the puffs are so enthusiastic that they deceive no one,—resembling a criticism we lately saw upon the introductory verses in the first number of the *Victoria Magazine*. The doggerel was, perhaps, the most stupid ever put into print in a decent magazine, but the local critic went into ecstasy over it, and declared that it had the true "Tennysonian ring." Down in his own parts every goose looks like a swan, and whether in praise or censure the thoroughbred local critic must always write in a fever, and use the strongest expressions he can find. But can anything better be looked for from unfortunate persons who are obliged to associate habitually with vestrymen, whose amusements are limited to a lecture on self-improvement, or a visit to a strolling circus, and who dare not even go to church on Sunday for fear of displeasing the Dissenters, who are their best customers? Incessant contact with little subjects dwarfs the mind; and even a clever man, after a few years' drudgery upon a local newspaper, might be thankful if he produced nothing more contemptible than the elegant quotations we have given from our Brighton contemporaries.

#### AMERICAN STATESMEN AT HOME.

THE proverbial type of a weak head turned by good fortune has just been unpleasantly exemplified in the utterances which military success has elicited from the foremost men of "the best Government that the world ever saw." Prosperity, which brings out some men's best qualities, brings out other men's worst; and the reported capture of Vicksburg, with the repulse of General Lee's army, has, in the case of the leading Federal statesmen, revealed the inherent vulgarity and insolence of coarse and ungente natures. In conformity with a usage which it is difficult for the European imagination to realize, President Lincoln and his Ministers were, it seems, "serenaded," when the news of the recent Northern victories reached Washington, by a mob with a brass band, and had to open their windows and make speeches in honour of the occasion; and of those speeches it is not too much to say that they offensively exhibit every vice which is most unworthy of the responsible rulers of a great country in the crisis of its destinies. Vainglorious boasting is the keynote of them all; while profanity, cant, flippancy, levity, party-spirit, and personal self-seeking distinguish, in different ways and degrees, the variations which each particular speaker performed on the common theme. Not one of the orators, from the President downwards, is reported to have uttered a word of regret over the hecatombs of human slaughter which constitute the price of the late dear-bought successes. Not a syllable was breathed of sorrowing tribute to the bravery of the thousands of dead and wounded who had been struck down in a series of battles lasting through three days. Not the faintest aspiration for peace is recorded to have passed the lips of any one of these shepherds of the people. One and all, they are full of their own small selves—their own official achievements and their own party triumphs. The President, with characteristic dignity and propriety, insults the defeated enemy, and tells a gratified auditory how the Southern army—which only he and his like would venture to brand with cowardice—"turned tail and ran away." Mr. Secretary Stanton has the satisfaction of thinking that it is all over now with the Northern advocates of peace, and that the same victory which has all but "crushed out the rebellion" and annihilated the "rebels," has been equally fatal to the "Copperheads." General Halleck does not forget to make a little political capital for himself at the expense of his own colleagues. As he delicately hints, it was all his doing that General Grant was retained in command when others would have removed him, and consequently he may credit himself personally with that commander's achievements. Mr. Seward's first thought is to improve the occasion by furbishing up his own unfulfilled prophecies, and explaining how it was other people's fault that the "ninety days" have so frequently expired without witnessing the predicted "crushing out;" and his second is to say an unpleasant word to "foreign nations." Altogether, it is a pitiful exhibition of mental poverty and moral pettiness. Here are men who, for two years and more, have been wielding the powers of a mighty State, directing the movements of colossal armies, and struggling with the forces of a vast revolution, who yet have learned nothing of the sobriety, the reserve, the decorous self-possession and self-respect which the world expects from the actors in great events, and have forgotten nothing of the small vanities and vulgarities which they brought with them into office. An average Marylebone vestryman would probably have acquired in the time something of that dignity of demeanour, if not of character, which the responsible conduct of war and policy on the largest scale has wholly failed to impart to Federal statesmen.

Mr. Lincoln's address to the serenaders, apart from the grotesque oddity of a style in which simplicity is carried to the last extreme of homeliness, is chiefly remarkable for a rather clumsy piece of effrontery. He has the assurance to pretend that the war of North against South is, and all along has been, a war on behalf of the immortal and "self-evident" Fourth-of-July doctrine that "all men are created equal." To hear him, it is a war of abolitionism against slavery, and never was anything else. Southern Secession is simply "a gigantic rebellion at the bottom of which is an effort to overthrow the principle that all men are equal." By obvious implication, the North is in arms to assert and establish the civil



and political equality of all men, and to make the negro a free and independent fellow-citizen of the white. Considering Mr. Lincoln's personal antecedents, as well as the notorious facts of contemporaneous history which he so audaciously travesties, this is, to say the least, cool. Not three years ago, he was elected President of a slave-owning Confederation. A little more than two years ago, he swore fidelity to a Constitution which recognised and protected slavery, and which recognises and protects slavery still. It is only within the last few months that he has shown the slightest inclination to call in question the domestic institution which he is bound by oath to maintain; and his illegal and futile Emancipation proclamation was avowedly resorted to with extreme reluctance, and only as a military expedient. The principle that all men are not free and equal, but that some men are the born slaves (not to say chattels) of other men, is just as much the principle of the old United States' Constitution as it is of the new Confederate States' Constitution. Not only does the Federal compact recognise and guarantee slavery in the Slave States, but it makes the whole of the free North itself the slave-owners' hunting-ground. The Constitution which Mr. Lincoln swore to uphold contained, and still contains, a Fugitive Slave Law; and that Fugitive Slave Law has been specially endorsed with his personal approval since his election to the Presidency. Moreover, Mr. Lincoln has, again and again, even within the past twelve months, declared himself supremely indifferent to the sublime doctrine that all men are equal. So that the Union is restored, he has repeatedly told us that it is all one to him whether the negroes are free or slaves; and there is no reason to suppose that he would even now have the smallest objection to reconstitute the divided and dismembered Federation on the identical principle which is at the bottom of this wicked and unnatural rebellion. To this hour he has never pretended to concern himself about the freedom of black men except as an expedient for more effectually reducing certain white men to political slavery. It is all very well to step out on a balcony in dressing-gown and slippers and tell the gentlemen with the trombones that the Northern war for empire is a great moral crusade for universal human equality; but a more shameless fiction was never broached by the humblest village politician that ever went on the stump. "This is a glorious theme, gentlemen, and the occasion for a speech;" and it is only to be regretted that the glorious theme has not a word of truth in it. For the rest, we have little to say of President Lincoln and his speech, except that, as usual, the characteristic graces of his diction defy and disarm criticism. His concluding sentence, in particular, may be confidently pronounced unmatched for simple dignity in all ancient and modern oratory. "Having said this much, gentlemen, I will now take the music." It is always interesting and instructive to note how great speakers perorate on great occasions. The chief magistrate of the model Republic, in a speech delivered at one of the most solemn and exciting moments of his life, with thousands of his countrymen lying unburied on the battle-field, winds up with telling the band to play "Yankee Doodle."

We have spoken of the performances of other orators who deemed it decent to make flippant and boastful speeches to a mob at a time when statesmen with heads and hearts would have been occupied with graver thoughts and cares, and would have resented as an intolerable impertinence the noisy intrusion on their privacy. Mr. Seward deserves, however, something more than a passing word. The Yankee Pecksniff on this occasion really outdid himself. This most moral and Christian of statesmen wishes it to be understood that he has always been a man of peace, even when bragging his biggest about crushing out rebellion at ninety days' notice. "In the beginning he was against this war, and desired to put it off if possible." He is not sure that this was quite right; perhaps it was a weakness; he is not prepared to assert that it was not an unjustifiable weakness; yet he endeavours to console himself with the thought that "if it was a weakness, there was a warrant for it in the character of Him who died to save the world." The choice bit of blasphemous cant which follows, in which the orator pursues the parallel that he has thus dared to indicate, we had rather not transcribe. Let no one imagine, however, that because Pecksniff is a man of peace and a humble, though unworthy, Christian, therefore he is not a patriot and a hero. If he cannot save the best and greatest of Republics, he will at least claim the privilege of dying for it, and being "buried in its ruins." Pecksniff pleads guilty to the amiable weaknesses of poor human nature, but it must be quite understood that he knows how to lay down his life for his country. "If it fall, let me fall in the public streets and be buried under the pavement, and let the assassins of my country's liberty tread upon me until there arises from my grave some avenger to restore the liberty of my native land." One does not exactly see how the avenger of Mr. Seward's country is to arise from Mr. Seward's grave under the pavement; but, allowing for a slight confusion of thought naturally incident to oratory of this exalted order, the passage is exceedingly fine, and merits a distinguished place in the next collection of gems of Transatlantic rhetoric. On the whole, however, European tastes will perhaps prefer even the naked simplicity of Mr. Lincoln's very unadorned eloquence.

The only serious word which it is possible to say about this unseemly and degrading exhibition of American statesmanship is that the North is eminently unfortunate in its public men. Not one among them has a head to stand success—even a success bought at so terrible a cost, and so dubious in its remoter issues, as that which was achieved in the first three days of July. At a crisis of the national fortunes which, it might have been thought, would sober the most frivolous of politicians and

impose a decent self-restraint on the vainest and emptiest, the President and his Ministers break out into a perfect Saturnalia of vulgar rodomontade. Generous respect for a gallant enemy, reverent sorrow over their own fallen countrymen, prudent and dignified reticence as to the possible future of a struggle of which no man can foresee the end, all appear to be alike foreign to their natures. They rise no higher than coarse taunts over the defeated foe, idle boasts of victories that are yet to be won, and small jibes at their own party antagonists. Ill is it for a country which, in the agony of civil war and revolution, has no wiser counsellors and no worthier leaders than the trading politicians whom democracy and universal suffrage have inflicted on the great Northern Federation.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

THERE is a significant passage in the recently published Memoir of Bishop Blomfield, which states, as an incident creditable to the late Bishop's memory, that at the meetings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that august Board used to employ their time in nibbling their pens till the arrival of the active Diocesan of London. The meaning of this anecdote is illustrated by one of the resolutions arrived at by a Committee of the House of Commons, which observes that "the present system necessarily throws undue power into the hands of the officers of the Commission." The Select Committee which has recently reported on the Ecclesiastical Commission seems, in vulgar language, to have hit the right nail on the head, by fastening on the constitution of that body as its incurable vice. It is not that the Commission is not composed of the cream of the cream of venerable and honourable men. It is that venerable and honourable men are placed in a position in which they are wholly powerless for good. All the Bishops and all the Chief Justices, and the distinguished noblemen and gentlemen who give their time or their idleness to supervising estates in every part of England, settling the terms of leases, ascertaining the value of royalties here and of improvements and reversions there—who are expected to check the proceedings and the accounts of land stewards, mining agents, dealers in land and farming stock, builders, and solicitors, and the roll written within and without with tithes, rents, and fines—must, if there are fifty of them, and if each of them has an office either spiritual or temporal, or even his own income and household to look after, and if they are unpaid for all this work, become the natural prey either of some despot in their own body, or of those parasites on their own body which their fat and indolent circulation naturally engenders. The tyrant, as in Bishop Blomfield's case, may be a very well-meaning tyrant; and the officials, treasurers, clerks, surveyors, accountants, and solicitors of the Commission need not be dishonest, as was one of their secretaries, who paid a sudden visit to America, not without some of the funds of the Church. Still, from the nature of the case, the office and office expenses eat up the core of the property. Management always manages to take care of itself. If every landowner's estate in Cornwall or Northumberland were managed at a lawyer's office in London, it stands to reason that it would be managed in a very cumbrous and expensive way. The administration of Church property in every county in England, by a central London Board, consisting of amateurs, is now formally condemned by the Committee; and the functions hitherto so unsatisfactorily exercised it is proposed to vest in a Board consisting of two paid Commissioners who are to be ineligible to Parliament, and of one unpaid Commissioner who is to have a seat in Parliament. The paid Commissioners—one of whom is to be the typical barrister of fifteen years' standing—are to devote their whole time and labour to the work; and the Board thus constituted would be analogous to the Poor Law Board. The legal affairs of the Board it is proposed should be conducted, as those of the Treasury and Admiralty are managed, by a salaried official.

This proposed reform strikes at the root of one of the evils of the present Commission. The existing system is characterized by the Committee as "unavoidably consuming a considerable part of the revenues of the Church in the expenses of valuing and revaluing lands and tithes, in compensation to officers superseded, and in the maintenance of a large establishment of secretaries and clerks." As it is, all the stewards' and land agents' work must be done twice over, and therefore paid for twice over. If a property in the country is to be sold or bought, it must be valued on the spot, and this valuation must be checked in London; but the London surveyor, of course, sends or goes down into the country to do what has already been done. When the matter, whatever it is, has passed the London Board, the decision of the Bishops and Chief Justices often goes down into the country again, for another local opinion, before it finally passes the seal of the Corporation. On every one of these proceedings a separate and special bill accrues to the surveyors and solicitors. We do not see that the Committee propose that, instead of the present central administration of Church property, the management should revert to local authority. To do this would, of course, be to reverse the whole action of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and every principle upon which it was founded. What that Commission has done is, to destroy the connexion of the Church with the diocese, as far as its property is concerned. And the present evils are the result. No doubt the old system, with its diocesan officers, was fruitful of jobs and intrigues; but, at any rate, the Deans and Chapters, who were great county landowners, had a higher interest

in a neighbourhood, and, on the whole, were more looked up to, than the Board in Whitehall Place. They knew more about the property, and they managed it cheaper than any central body could do; for they had a personal interest in it. And they were fairer landlords, too, and did more for schools, and churches, and the local charities, than the Whitehall Board can do, or at least does. Unless it is intended to revive diocesan management, or to plant small local copies of the paid Commissioners in every diocese—just as there are Basinghall-street Commissioners and local Commissioners in Bankruptcy at Bristol and Leeds—we do not see how the evil of the centralized management of the estates is met by the Select Committee. However, whatever arrangement may be come to in respect of the management of the estates, even if it should not turn out to be much of a gain as far as the expense goes, the moral improvement will be undeniable. Local administration may, perhaps, not be much cheaper than central administration; but a close oligarchy at Whitehall, and the inveterate jobber who attends every meeting, and who makes it his business to know more than the forty-nine amateurs who attend when they have got nothing else to do, will be rendered impossible for the future. Every Corporation which consists of amateurs is, in the long run, the private property of the clerk or secretary, or of that disinterested personage who kindly undertakes to be perpetual chairman. There is a curious peculiarity about the mode in which business is conducted by the Ecclesiastical Commission, which illustrates the evils of amateur Commissioners. No business can be done unless it is twice debated; that is to say, every vote taken at one meeting must be re-enacted or confirmed at the next. Our Teutonic fathers used to deliberate twice over every matter—once when they were drunk, once again when sober. The Whitehall practice is intended to give the special jobber an opportunity to secure, by "the usual method," an attendance of friends; and the Bishops and high Lords who form the decorative portion of the establishment only attend at the solicitation of friends or officials to complete an act of charity which, if it seeketh not its own, at least forgets not to provide for its own household.

But the work of the Ecclesiastical Commission has another department. It has a Board of Works as well as a Board of Woods and Forests, and its management is as strongly condemned by the Committee as its constitution. The application of the proceeds of the estates of the Chapters to the relief of spiritual destitution in populous places—or, in other words, to the augmentation of the small town incumbencies—was the object for which the Ecclesiastical Commission was originally founded. It is undeniable that at last, after the Episcopal palaces have all been rebuilt, a sum as large as 120,000*l.* a year is now distributed in the Peel and other districts. But it can hardly be said to be administered on any fixed principle; or, if it is, the Commissioners have been a long time in discovering it. The principle of listening to local claims—that is, of giving the first endowments to those parishes in which the *corpora* of the suppressed stalls are situated—has been only partially admitted; nor is it, we believe, yet settled whether, in the case of a large caputal estate falling into the Commissioners' hands, the parish, or township, or city, or county, has the first claim to a bounty from the proceeds of the suppressed dignity, or in what order these degrees of propinquity are to be preferred. The Select Committee probably have had this blot in view when they pronounce summarily against the lack of system, first, in ascertaining, and next, in meeting, the claims of districts rivaling each other in poverty. Here the Committee not only indicate the evil, but pronounce upon the remedy. Local self-management is to supersede central bureaucracy. A central body is suggested to decide upon the subdivision of parishes or upon the considerations which are to regulate priority of aid. The Committee recommend that local associations of clergy and laity should succeed to those duties with respect to church extension which the Commissioners have not fulfilled. We can hardly suppose that much objection will be raised to the principle of this recommendation, though many difficulties must be expected before such organizations can take place. Are they to be the result of diocesan synods, or of voluntary local societies? Are they to consist of delegates, and if so, how are the delegates to be appointed? We can quite understand that local knowledge will be the best and most trustworthy guide towards ascertaining local needs; but when it is suggested that local officials must best administer local funds, what is this but going back to the old diocesan principle? In other words, it seems that the Committee not only condemn the Ecclesiastical Commission, but almost suggest that a reform of the old diocesan system would have been the best mode thirty years ago of dealing with the needs of the Church. Many people thought so at the time, and considered that the proper method of Church Reform was to reform and revise existing institutions. Had each diocese been made a real, living, local authority, instead of merging all Church authority—of course we are speaking of the Church in its secular aspect—in a sort of centralized Papacy at Whitehall, there would have been no place for these recommendations, which will perhaps be objected to because they are reactionary. It is curious enough to remark that so impressed are the Committee with the utter hopelessness of carrying on the present machinery of so-called Church extension, that they propose to transfer at once from the Ecclesiastical Commission to that very antiquated, and, as public opinion generally considers, that very torpid body, the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, the duty of distributing the surplus funds of the Church, until the local diocesan associations can be organized.

The general result, therefore, of the recommendations of the Select

Committee is to develop the great old-fashioned principle of local self-government; and we cannot help thinking that the condemnation of the Ecclesiastical Commission, that tumultuary institution devised in a panic, and due chiefly to the revolutionary timidity of the late Bishop of London—a timidity which was at the same time compatible with a good deal of arbitrary self-confidence—is the strongest testimony to the growth of sounder views of the Church, and to the interest which the laity as well as the clergy feel in it, which has yet appeared. It will be a curious spectacle to find liberal laymen doing more for the interests of the Church than the stiffest of the Bishops.

#### THE MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS.

THERE begins to be a glimmering of hope of seeing the purification of the Thames accomplished. One of the sewers which form part of the new scheme of drainage is so far finished as to be actually at work; and although diluted filth is not in itself a pleasant object, it is gratifying to behold the dark stream which now pours into the Thames at Barking Creek, affording, as it does, an earnest of the completion of an undertaking which will in so large a degree enhance both the healthfulness and the beauty of the metropolis. For many years the river has been always offensive to the eye, and often to the nose also. For the last month all passengers by steamboats have been sensible of that same serious nuisance which was so much complained of a few years ago. The odour which the Thames has lately given forth affords an irresistible argument in favour of the new drainage scheme, whereas, if the river were merely dark and dirty, a generation which never saw it clear and bright would scarcely be persuaded to incur any considerable expense in its purification.

The drainage works now in progress are likely, when completed, to take their place in that class of structures which we can show with justifiable pride to foreigners. When the question simply is, how best to attain a given purpose connected with the wants of daily life, English designs exhibit a perfection which is generally wanting to them in the higher walks of art. The Metropolitan Board of Works contents itself with draining London, and does not undertake at the same time to beautify it. Hence the work which this Board has executed is in a sober, solid style, and it impresses the mind by its magnitude as well as by its apparent durability and fitness for its purpose; and this all the more strongly because of its extreme simplicity. It seems almost a pity that such neat and finished work should be put to so vile a use as that of a receptacle for filth. When the works at Erith, on the South bank of the Thames, were lately exhibited to visitors invited by the Board of Works, the tunnel along which the sewage is to pass to the pumps was swept and gaily lighted, so that ladies might have walked through it with comfort as well as with gratification. There were none of those inconveniences which usually attend subterranean explorations, but, on the contrary, it seemed to be intended to present to visitors the greatest possible contrast between the aspect of the works and the purpose for which they are designed. The general character of these works may be described by saying that they consist of a reservoir, into which the contents of the sewers are to be poured, and out of which those same contents are to be discharged into the Thames at about high-water. The object of making the discharge at this time is to ensure that the sewage shall be carried away from, instead of towards, London. The course of proceeding at Erith appears to have been to complete, in the first instance, the tunnel which brings the sewage from Deptford to the river. This tunnel enters the Thames eight feet below low-water mark, but this direct discharge is only intended to be used to carry off storm waters. Another tunnel runs at right angles to the tunnel which brings down the sewage; and, again, two others run at right angles to this second tunnel. The object of this system of tunnels is to convey the sewage from the main tunnel to the pumps. It seems that the main tunnel was in the first place completed, and then a branch was made in its side to connect the other tunnels with it. The sewage passes through a sort of strainer before entering the pumps, and the pumps raise it to the reservoir, where it awaits the proper time for discharge into the river. The works on the north bank of the Thames, at Barking, although larger than those at Erith, are perhaps less interesting, because no pumping arrangement is necessary at Barking. The level at which the drains approach the northern outfall is sufficiently high to carry the sewage at once into the reservoir, whence it passes at high water into the river. The difference between the level of London and that of Barking will be appreciated by observing that a drain which has necessarily some fall, and which starts many feet beneath the ground, is carried for several miles in the latter part of its course upon arches raised above the land. The three tubes of brickwork which are destined to bring down all the drainage of the north of London are carried side by side across the marshes between Bow and Barking, being raised, as has been said, on arches, and looking at a distance like the embankment of a line of railway. The sewage of the high level drain, which visitors saw actually rushing along a metal trough into the Thames, was, until a few weeks ago, allowed to enter and pollute the river Lea, which flows through Bow into the Thames. The Board of Works alleged that any other temporary arrangement except this very offensive one was impracticable, but, by the assistance of the Court of Chancery, the supposed impossibility was overcome.

It appears to be necessary to the harmonious and effective action of the Board of Works to keep the vestrymen of the various



parishes which contribute to its funds in good humour. With this object, the vestrymen are invited once a-year to make an excursion to the drainage outfalls at Erith and Barking, where they are allowed to inspect the works, and are afterwards entertained at luncheon. The feasts which have been given during the last week were spread in the great reservoir at Barking. As this reservoir occupies a space of ten acres, and as a considerable portion of it is already covered with brick arches, it is evident that there must be ample accommodation, and shelter from rain or heat, for the largest party that can possibly be collected. It would be, perhaps, unnecessarily particular to inquire how the cost of these entertainments is defrayed. Eating and drinking formed an important part of the parochial system in former days, and at a time when the Imperial Parliament requires a subvention for its kitchen, the claim of vestries to lunch once a-year at the expense of their constituents does not seem extravagant. At any rate, it will be difficult to get rid of the habit and the necessity of lubricating, in some way or other, the machinery of constitutional government, whether of the Empire or of a single city. There is possibly some effort made to maintain the fiction of an inspection, by these vestrymen, of the works which they go down to visit. But it must be owned that the parochial representatives engaged much more deeply and assiduously in exploring the interior of meat pies than in any other sort of excavation which was performed at Barking. The tables laid out for the feast in the reservoir were adorned with the imposing names of the various parishes, and one of these parishes contributed to the magnificence of the general effect by bringing its beadle in full effulgence of gold-laced coat and hat to pour out beer for more exalted dignitaries. The steamboats which carried down the party were overcrowded, and there was vehement struggling at the landing-places; but in the great interior of the reservoir there was room enough for everybody, and if its pillars and vaulted roof are not convenient for public speaking, that is not perhaps the least of its recommendations as a place for entertainment on a large scale.

As is inevitable on such occasions, that part of the programme which was enacted in the great reservoir appeared to some observers to be the most important feature of it. But the notion that this annual inspection of the drainage outfalls is a mere contrivance for eating an early dinner with an appetite, and without paying for it, is not entertained by those who pay most attention to the Board of Works, and therefore who may be supposed to be the best authorities as to its proceedings. The history of such an expedition as that of last Monday must be sought in those local newspapers which concern themselves with the proceedings of Mr. Thwaites's parliament, rather than with that which sits at Westminster. It is only such a newspaper that could describe in adequate terms the various shades of "parish men" assembled on board the steamboats, and could be capable of having reflections aroused "by being brought into contact with representative men from all parts of the metropolis, some the most distant and dissimilar in their habits and avocations, such as Limehouse and Marylebone, Hackney and Clerkenwell, Poplar and St. Pancras." If the circumstances had been favourable for throwing ordinary minds into contemplation, an equally good subject for it might have been suggested by observing how many parishes were represented, not only by portly vestrymen, but also in that confluence of fetid waters which rushed from the High-level drain into the Thames. Reflections aroused by the sewage of Limehouse coming in contact with the sewage of Marylebone would go quite as strongly to prove "that self-government is sound policy with a free people," as do reflections upon seeing the vestrymen of the same parishes combine to have saned out at the ratepayers' expense. The same newspaper informs us that the parochial dignitaries were, "as a whole, an imposing body of gentlemen"—an expression which must not be understood in reference to the fact that these gentlemen were mostly thriving shopkeepers, but only as putting in another way the statement that "the majority of them were capable of displaying a large amount of waistcoat." It is the theory of the newspaper referred to, that these imposing gentlemen "use the same practical common sense in looking after their parish matters which yields them success in their personal affairs." It is probably a part of the same theory that the grand and apparently successful undertaking of main drainage is a result of the application of this practical common sense to a matter which equally concerns all parishes. Such a theory is doubtless acceptable to the parochial mind, and if there be a survival theory that the drainage works are likely to go on best when practical common sense is kept engaged in investigating the contents of pies and appreciating the quality of beer, this latter theory does, at any rate, supply an excellent apology for the proceedings of last Monday. But whether or not the majority of the sixteen hundred excursionists have had anything to do with the conception and execution of these great works, they may at least congratulate themselves on having assisted as items of population in bringing about that intolerable condition of the metropolitan drainage which these works are calculated to remedy. It is a melancholy result of that vast accumulation of human beings which has taken place in London and other centres of trade and industry, that rivers which half a century ago were comparatively pure have now become polluted and poisoned beyond endurance. The wealth and energy of London are nowhere seen to more advantage than in a voyage down the Thames; but while admiring the docks and warehouses, the crowd of ships, the ceaseless toil of

steamers, and those vast establishments for iron shipbuilding which have changed a desolate morass into a busy, thriving town, it should be remembered that there is one drawback to all this prosperity in the necessity which it creates for such establishments as those at Barking and Erith. Of the establishments themselves nothing can be said but praise. Although raptures on such a subject are rather ludicrous, there is much in these works to excite curiosity and to command admiration. The guests of the Board of Works are apt to assemble in numbers inconveniently large as compared with the means of transport, but it is better to visit these works in a crowd than not to visit them at all, for there is no doubt that the Board of Works has in its keeping one of the most interesting of the sights of London.

#### THE CRUIKSHANK EXHIBITION.

OLD GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has been old George Cruikshank any time during the last thirty years to those whose nursery days date so far back. Indeed, we have heard his illustrations to *Grimm's Fairy Stories* spoken of as the delight of their youth by some whose childhood was passed *regnante Georgio*, whilst the similar labour of love which he has devoted to *Jack and the Bean Stalk* is the thumb and tattered darling of many who do not yet aspire to rank in Mr. Punch's rising generation. He must be old George Cruikshank, we fear, in the number of his years, as he has long been to the admiring reverence of children; yet our century has seen no better example of that ever-youthfulness which is one of the most frequent and least doubtful signs of genius. That the name of Cruikshank deserves to be coupled with that epithet has never been dubious to those who, looking beyond certain mannerisms and limitations in his power as an artist, can appreciate high gifts to move both tears and laughter, exhibited on however small and unpretending a scale, or who can value downright originality, expressing itself in its own manner, irrespective of popular fashion, or who are aware what peculiar skill he has reached as an etcher. But when a great man comes before the world in a modest way of his own, working often in the by-places of art or literature, and addressing himself to illustrate children's books with the homely, healthy purpose of only making them laugh at a giant, or look frightened at a ghost, people are apt—in this noisy age of sentiment and serious intention—to take him at his quiet valuation, and pass by sterling excellence with slight or grudging recognition, as they turn to some loud trumpet-blowing hero of the hour. Especially may this happen when a man's work has been spread over half a century, and must be sought for in a hundred stray volumes, or studied in the portfolio of a collector. And we are, therefore, glad that a large proportion of the *opus Georgii* has been put together at Exeter Hall in time to let his countrymen make themselves aware of his merits, whilst he is still alive to enjoy a reputation which none of his contemporaries have laboured more conscientiously to win, or have deserved more thoroughly.

#### His saltem accumulalem donis.

Every true artist, from the close relation in which his art stands to his mind and nature, is sure to have two or three modes of expressing himself, which answer, more or less, to the main divisions of life. Cruikshank's works, as exhibited at Exeter Hall in more than a thousand etchings, appear to obey this law, and may be distributed in a general way into distinct styles. As in the case of Beethoven or Turner, there is a kind of prelude before the young designer had fairly found his path, and whilst he was trying his first steps in a lawyer's office; but the bent of his nature at last had its way, and like Horace, *non sine diis animosus infans*, he entered on the field of political and social caricature, modelling himself after the fashion of Rowlandson, Gillray, and other celebrities of sixty years since. We must own that in Cruikshank's first style, even as partially represented here, there are some proofs of how difficult it is to treat coarse manners without lapsing into coarseness; and we are astonished at the general change in our ways which the artist has lived to witness and to perpetuate. Art was in Opposition during the Regency, and the manners of the Court and of the "fashionables" and "Corinthians" of the Castlereagh and Caroline period are roughly handled by Cruikshank, in a rather crude and violent style of engraving; although from the first his execution has a directness, a meaning, and sense in every stroke, which at once reveal the imaginative artist, and separate his work by the "line of life" from such ignorant dashing about after effect as we see in the waxy etchings by Fröhlich, lately noticed in this journal.

Returning to Cruikshank, these large early coloured prints look not less foreign to us as pieces of art than as representations of reality. Will any gentleman undertake to assert, on his honour, that he, or his father, ever dressed, and turned out bodily, in the fashions of 1804 and 1805 (No. 20)? One can hardly help thinking that these queer disguises of the "form divine" should have been catalogued under the title "Monstrosities," appropriately enough given to the fashions current from 1816 to 1826 (73 and 74). One of the best of the designs of this period is "Coriolanus and the Plebeians," to which the artist has added a most characteristic note. In these portraits of the primitive Radicals of 1820, the element of caricature, over-predominant in Cruikshank's first style, is united with a fine rendering of expression in the faces, and the crowd is drawn with the artist's peculiar skill. We know very few indeed who can be set beside him in this peculiar faculty. Cruikshank's crowds give one exactly the

impression of reality. They show a certain monotony, from the common impulse or purpose of the mob, yet they are full of characteristic figures, no two exactly alike. There is also all the necessary sense of air, and motion, and fluctuation about them. They are penetrable crowds, especially the Irish crowds, which he delights to draw—true mobiles, ready to break out into new mischief, or disperse before the onslaught of the Saxon. The twenty spiritedly touched and delicately handled illustrations for Maxwell's *History of the Irish Rebellion* (48 to 50) are excellent samples of our artist's skill in managing a mob, and, by the refinement of the work and the greater delicacy and humour of the ideas, point to what we may venture to call his second style.

Under this we class by far the larger number of the delights of our and everybody's childhood—beginning, perhaps, with the famous fairy scenes from Grimm, and thence onward, through a vast series of "wonders of the needle," to the illustrations of Scott and Shakespeare, of Dickens and Ainsworth. Cruikshank has now quitted politics, which, in fact, he had in the first period of his activity looked at mainly from the social point of view, without taking a distinct side. Hatred of meanness, cruelty, and injustice has been throughout the motive principle in his satire, and this has been alone sufficient to render him but a poor political partisan. The "Bank-note not to be imitated" (143) is one of his latest essays in this direction. This curious paper, covered with grim emblems, and signed by Jack Ketch, is a monument of that cruel phase of the law when wretches were hung in crowds for the simple passing of a forged note—an occurrence naturally frequent whilst paper for small amounts was current. Well may the honest-hearted artist take to himself some pleasure in the belief that his admirably-timed satire led to a correction of the abuse. The "Note not to be imitated" is rather a curiosity than a work of art. The "Knacker's Yard, or Voice of Humanity" (195), another appeal against human oppression and cruelty, is, in this respect, perhaps the most striking illustration here of Cruikshank's tragic power, which Mr. Ruskin, in his brief but excellent criticism on the artist, justly places on a level with his comic genius. This little plate is scarcely below Rembrandt in force and largeness of style, and it is informed with an earnestness of purpose which the art of Rembrandt's time never aims at. In this respect, Cruikshank has a close affinity to Bewick. As an example of his range of power, it is instructive to compare the gloom and horror of this last refuge of too many a noble animal with the humorous presentment of a somewhat similar idea in the horses out of work, stretching their lean necks to criticize the train which passes their stable in the infancy of the railway system. Much as we admire that command of tragic power and that earnest simplicity of mind which, though sometimes taking forms perhaps not free from exaggeration or onesidedness, place Cruikshank decidedly among the very first illustrative designers of the time, yet we must be glad that his pencil and his etching-needle have been generally employed to rouse our laughter rather than our seriousness. Innocent mirth has never had a patron more effective. The World going to the Great Exhibition—a title which that of 1851 is not likely soon to surrender—a certain series of the "Adventures of Mr. Lambkin," the "Housemaid and her Followers," the "Female Jury trying a Breach of Promise of Marriage"—these, and a hundred other exquisite pieces of Fun (whether Wit or Humour we leave North Britons to decide) crowd before us; and we feel that we can hardly be too grateful to the skilful hand, simple heart, and inventive intelligence which have given us so much healthy and unworldly pleasure.

There is yet another phase of Cruikshank's art which deserves peculiar attention. Every artist is sure to have his speciality, and, perhaps, if it were needful to select Cruikshank's, it would be rather his gift for rendering the fairy supernatural world than even his directly comic or tragic designing. No one has so singularly penetrated into the soul of popular superstition. Cruikshank's witches are, so far as we know, absolutely unrivalled. They exhibit exactly that mixture of anility and malice, of half wicked, half inexplicable fun—and all with a certain strange dash of superhuman power, not quite devilish, but decidedly not quite *canny*—which the fairy legends of Grimm or Scott ascribe to them. The illustrations to Grimm and to the *Demonology* are examples. In the latter, the "Witches' Voyage" is a perfect masterpiece of humour, satire, and supernaturalism. It is only through a true gift of imagination that the artist can have reached this success. We must venture to think him much superior, in this respect, to Retsch or even to Doré; although we have not space here to do more than indicate the difference between the penetrative insight of Cruikshank and the mechanical agglomerations of horror which Retsch has substituted for imaginative witchery, or the fantastic exaggerations of a few fine effects which form the staple of Doré's prints from Sue and Dante. Nor should the excellence of the landscape features and other accessories, in these and similar etchings of Cruikshank's later period, be overlooked. Many little bits of background and sky are handled with wonderful truth and spirit. There is an extraordinary unity of effect in the tone of the landscape, reached by the simplest means; whilst, in giving a picturesque air to these portions of his subject, he may be again fairly compared to Bewick.

To this great artist—for to this title, due consideration given to all sides of his work, we think his claim fully made out—we have devoted a fuller space than we can generally spare for a single exhibitor, because his popularity does not appear to us to have

been hitherto justly measured out to his deserts. We do not mean that Cruikshank has not gained a very considerable share of favour and admiration. But this he has mainly received from the young, and those whom we may, without offence, call the half-educated classes. We do not mean in any way to underrate the value of such suffrages. They are given honestly and simply "on the merits;" and they are far more valuable than the reputations due to art-puffery and partisanship. But George Cruikshank has not, we think, taken rank in ordinary parlance amongst the great artists of the day, and in this respect he deserves a different, if not a higher kind of popularity. Many causes have probably led to this. One may be that, in his earlier days, Cruikshank, as the lifelong foe to cant and quackery and injustice, was in opposition to the dominant classes. Though not a politician strictly, he had more sympathy with Cobbett than with Carlton House. Another reason may be sought in certain curious mannerisms which run through his designs, and which are probably due to some want in youthful training to art. His idea of a young lady is rarely successful, and his drawing of the face has never quite cleared itself of its first dedication to caricature. A third cause is the fugitive quality of many of the books which he illustrated—a fact to which the catalogue bears curious testimony. Cruikshank, like Flaxman, or Stothard, or Turner, seems to have worked throughout life with singular modesty, content to take whatever business offered itself, and never inquiring whether he was to illustrate a *Tom Jones* or a *Jack Sheppard*. Another reason may be that, in later life, his high tragic power has been exercised mainly against those abuses by which the poor and the helpless suffer. His sympathies are clearly those of a man of the people for the people; and this excludes a drawing-room popularity. Like Thomas Hood, whom in this respect, not less than in humour, he resembles, he has compelled an entrance; but he is not familiarized—not "court qualified," as they say at Vienna. He has not condescended merely to amuse us, or to hit us where we do not mind, like his witty contemporaries. He has told stern truths too plainly; and he is hence not one of whom the "omnes omnia bona dicere, et laudare," &c. can be expected. Lastly, satirical and humorous designing lies still, in some degree, under that Academical censure or depreciation which led Horace Walpole to deny the name Painter to Hogarth. Time has done justice to the artist of the "Rake's Progress." We do not doubt that he has a like reparation in store for George Cruikshank.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. THEODORE MARTIN'S POEMS.\*

MR. MARTIN seems happy in the enjoyment of that literary leisure which is best found in the well-used intervals of an active life. The uninterrupted career of the mere scholar or artist is, in almost all cases, less wholesome than the alternation of necessary business with voluntary study. Literary occupation loses half its zest for those who can read what they will, and who can choose their own time for writing. While professional authorship is subject to the petty annoyances and to the common-place anxieties which belong to all forms of business, intellectual activity, whether productive or receptive, is the best of periodical recreations. In the first hours of a hard-won holiday, no image is so attractive as the hope of absolute rest:—

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratque acquiescimus lecto.

But it soon becomes tiresome to lie in bed, and a hard day's shooting is far more refreshing than a purposeless lounge. For the same reason, definite literary exertion is more bracing than a course of novels and newspapers. Light reading wearies a vigorous mind, as a healthy appetite palls over the endless procession of vapid delicacies at a Greenwich fish dinner. All Mr. Martin's writings indicate the genuine pleasure with which he has devoted himself to the successive tasks which he has undertaken. As a translator, he has enabled many readers to share in his thorough appreciation of Catullus, of Horace, and of Dante, and his own graceful and thoughtful poems are deeply imbued with the spirit of the great models which he has studied. The present volume consists principally of versions from the German, which, of all ancient or modern languages, is most tempting to an English translator. Imitation of ancient metres by the arbitrary substitution of accent for quantity is only a pedantic exercise of ingenuity. To scholars the hexameters of *Evangeline*, or *Hermann and Dorothea*, are but an awkward parody of the true heroic verse, and it is fortunately almost impossible to mimic the Horatian metres, except in the burlesque manner of the "Needy Knife-grinder." There is abundant exercise for the skill and taste of a translator in selecting the most suitable equivalents for the original Sapphics or Alcaics. A felicitous imitation may be an addition to English literature, but classical versification can never be even approximately reproduced.

The difficulty of translating German poetry is less obvious, and it arises from an opposite cause. All accentuated metres are common to both languages, and the simpler words which constitute the poetical vocabulary have generally the same roots. The

\* Poems, Original and Translated. By Theodore Martin.



barbarous prolixity and diffuse awkwardness of German prose still awaits the correction of some unborn reformer, who may bestow on his countrymen the blessing of a style. Verse-writers happily, for the most part, arrange words in their natural order, and some among them have learned a kind of artificial simplicity from the study of English and German ballads. Two or three of Schiller's best lyrics, the bulk of Goethe's minor poems, the exquisite songs and ballads of Heine, and a few of Uhland's less ambitious compositions, retain for an English ear almost all their idiomatic sweetness. The attempt to transpose both sense and sound into a still more familiar dialect seems as natural as the impulse to repeat an amusing story without any careful mimicry of the tones or phrases of the original narrator. As the confident translator hums over the lines to himself in a half-articulate murmur, substituting the English form for the German wherever it happens equally to suit the metre, he is tempted to fancy that Goethe may be made to assume a modern English dress as easily as Chaucer or Burns. *Es war ein König in Thule* becomes, by a mere removal of etymological variations, *There was a king in Thule*; and the sanguine operator willingly forgets that, in his pursuit of literal accuracy, he has already been forced to sacrifice one syllable of the metre. In the next line, *Gar treu bis an das Grab*, he recognises with delight the familiar *true* and *grave*, and he consoles himself for the necessity of using some conventional contrivance by which he may avoid the simple Sternhold-like cadence of *Quite true unto the grave*. The fourth line, *Einen goldenen Becker gab—* *A golden beaker gave*—with its strict correspondence, and its happy accident of a rhyme in both languages, already looms in sight; but it is first indispensable to translate the puzzling words, *Dem sterbend seine Buhle—To whom dying his mistress*; and although the rhythm may easily be preserved, it is impossible to find a rhyme for *Thule*. In the hope of escaping or disguising a total defeat, the translator perhaps tries a new metre, and a different construction of words; but the spirit of the exquisite little poem evaporates with its sound, and the seeming facility of reproduction, surviving the disappointment, continually reminds him of his failure. Mr. Martin is compelled to content himself with a monosyllabic ending to the first and third lines, and with a merely alternate rhyme:—

In Thule dwelt a king; and he  
Was leal unto the grave,  
A cup to him of the red, red gold,  
His leman dying gave.

If Parliamentary institutions had flourished in Thule, *speaker* might perhaps have rhymed with *beaker*, which is a better word than *cup*, as *golden* is infinitely preferable to the ballad commonplace of the *red, red gold*.

The most constant impediment to the success of metrical translations from German consists in the shorter forms and stronger inflexions of the English language. In two or three verses of simple words which are radically English as well as German, the translator will find himself embarrassed with half a dozen vacant places, from which a superfluous syllable has disappeared. *König* becomes *king*; *Augen, eyes*; *seinem, his*. It would be comparatively easy to preserve the metre if it were allowable to sound the mute terminal *e* with Chaucer, or to adopt Mr. Barnes's Dorsetshire adjectives of *bricken* and *stuwonen* for *brick* and *stone*. Literary English only admits of arbitrary expetives, and the habit of filling up is a fruitful source of weakness. For the converse reason, German translations from English are easy and often felicitous, as the artificial strength which results from the indispensable omissions compensates in some degree for the inevitable loss of force in the passage from one language to another. There are, however, many other inherent difficulties which arise from the close relationship of English to German. The differences of soil and climate have often affected the development of words from the same parent stem, and a term which in Germany is solemn and impressive may have connected itself with ludicrous associations in England, or a word may have acquired a special meaning in one country, while in the other it still remains generic. *Wald* or *wald* is the wild part of a district, and consequently it may be a bare hill or a dense forest, as *moor* is in some places an upland region, and in others a bog or morass. In Goethe's ballad the water-maiden sings to the fisherman:—

Ach wüsstest du, wie's Fischlein ist  
So wohlilig auf dem Grund.

The fish is happy on the *Grund*, or bottom of the water; it would be less comfortable on the *ground*, or surface of the earth. In short, the resemblance of cognate English and German words is sometimes fallacious, and almost always imperfect; yet a translator who neglected to profit by the similarity of language would sacrifice the most effective means of success, and the most justifiable motive of his undertaking. The difficulty and delicacy of the experiment possess a strong attraction for the poetical artist, whose vigilance is incessantly exercised in avoiding the opposite errors of straining or overlooking any verbal analogy. German poetry is so essentially English in its harmony and its character that it naturally seems possible to eliminate the foreign element without destroying the original composition. In a few instances, the attempt has been rewarded by remarkable success. Mr. Martin is sometimes singularly happy in his preservation of the trochaic terminations which are so abundant in German, and which are so scantily supplied to English poets. A single stanza will exemplify the skill which he has shown in an admirable version of the song of the spirits round the sleeping Faust:—

Schon verloschen sind die Stunden,  
Hingeschwunden Schmerz und Glück:  
Fühl es vor! Du wirst gesunden;  
Traue neuem Tagesblick.  
Thäler grünen, Hügel schwellen,  
Buschen sich zu Schatten-Ruh;  
Und in schwanken Silberwellen  
Wogt die Saat der Ernte zu.

See, the hours of night have vanished,  
Joy and grief have passed away;  
Wake! rejoice! thy pain is banished,  
Trust the new advancing day.  
Vales grow green, hills steep and  
steep,  
Shadows deeper, thick with leaves,  
And the harvest to the reaper  
In long silvery billows heaves.

Nearly half Mr. Martin's volume is occupied with a translation of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, though he omits the lame and puzzling conclusion. The drama or poem is best known to English readers from Mr. Carlyle's admirable review, published five and thirty years ago, and reprinted in the first volume of the *Miscellanies*. The original presents numerous difficulties to the imperfect German scholar, and it attracts or repels critics, according to their tastes, by an interminable series of partially soluble riddles. Mr. Martin's translation is, in general, singularly accurate, although combined impossibilities of metre and of construction have occasionally compelled him to substitute an approximate version, or even a conjectural equivalent, for the literal rendering of the words. In the purely lyrical passages, and in the stately imitations of Greek tragic verse, Mr. Martin has often represented with congenial felicity the exquisite flow of the original poem. Although Germany has produced three or four other poets of a respectable order, Goethe first discovered and alone exemplified the metrical resources of the language; and many of the most wonderful proofs of his mastery of versification are to be found in the second part of *Faust*. In some instances he almost transcends the bounds of legitimate art by exhibiting his skill in the direct imitation of natural sounds. The song of the river Peneus among his sedges would perhaps be censured by a severe taste as the mere caprice of a great composer:—

Rege dich, du Schilffrüster,  
Hauche leise Rohrgeschwister,  
Säuselt leichte Weidensträucher,  
Lispelt Pappelnzitterzweige  
Unterbrochenen Träumen zu.

Stir, ye sedges, swaying slowly,  
Breathe, ye tangled rushes, lowly;  
Wave, ye willows, softly sighing  
To the aspens' shrill replying,  
Midst the pauses of my dreams.

In the first line, Mr. Martin has retained with judicious care the strong sibilant which expresses the whispering or rustling of the sedges. The less definite voice of the "sisterhood of reeds" is appropriated to the "tangled rushes." It was perhaps impracticable to reproduce the expressive compound *Pappelnzitterzweige*, but there is nothing shrill in the shivering sound of aspen-leaves. The impossibility of adopting the etymological English forms which correspond to poetical German phrases is illustrated by the *twittering twigs*, which would produce a ludicrous effect as the English photograph of the almost identical *zitternzweige*. Few translations would equally endure or better repay minute comparison with the text, but the merit of Mr. Martin's work will be perhaps most fully appreciated by readers who, in default of acquaintance with German, are unable to employ the original as a perpetual standard or foil. Students of poetry may derive abundant instruction and interest from the English version of the *Classic Walpurgis Night*, and *Helena*. Incidentally, they will do well to study the essential distinctions between the genuine *Faust* and the tedious *life-dramas* which modern poetasters have constructed from stolen materials, in the form of interminable blank-verse dialogues between a walking gentleman of a philosopher and a twaddling demon.

The second part of *Faust* has the peculiarities and defects which belong to a complicated succession of allegories. The symbols of moral virtues and vices in the *Faery Queen* are undoubtedly wanting in human interest, but *Una* and *Artegall* are simple and dramatic in comparison with the Sphinxes, the Homunculus, and the Euphorion of Goethe. Books about books constitute, on the whole, a tiresome branch of literature, and poetry about poetry can only be rendered tolerable by a systematic concealment and occasional forgetfulness of its purpose. The *Classic Walpurgis Night* seems to have served its author as a poetical commonplace book for satirical and fanciful criticism, while the *Helena* represents a more consecutive theory of the relation between ancient and modern art. Goethe's imagination was fortunately powerful and fertile enough to overlay his prosaic framework with a profuse growth of elaborate decoration. The significance of Wagner's artificial Homunculus fortunately concerns the reader as little as the political allusions in *Gulliver's Travels*. As Homunculus guides Faust and Mephistopheles into a land stranger than Lilliput or Brobdingnag, it is superfluous to inquire why he is inclosed in a resonant glass, or how he ultimately seems to merge his personality in the ocean. The philosopher Thales, who introduces Homunculus to Nereus, to Proteus, and to Galatea, personifies the Neptunian geology of the last century, and perhaps the metaphysical doctrines of Schelling; and at the same time he more especially represents the mythologic element in ancient philosophy. The Plutonic theory, as it is practically exhibited by Seismos or *Earthquake*, is again recalled in the last part of *Faust* by Mephistopheles, who recognises on the peaks of a mountain range the familiar strata which he had once known as the pavement of Hell. In the interpretation of Goethe's allegory, it is always necessary to bear in mind his serious or ironical purpose of showing the mutual connexion of all intellectual processes. The imaginative part of science is brought, through Anaxagoras and Thales, into relation with the wild logic of fable, and the mythical Proteus symbolises in turn the modern hypothesis of organic development. The *Classic Walpurgis Night* is filled with the abnormal and outlying personages of ancient mythology, and the wanderers meet with none of the orthodox denizens of the

Greek or Roman Olympus. The festival of shadowy forms is celebrated on the plain of Pharsalia, where the Latin Eriotho, brooding over the field of slaughter, slowly gives place to the legendary spectres of Greek tradition. It is highly characteristic of Goethe that the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey suggests to Eriotho and Mephistopheles a sneer at freedom, and a touch of regret for the overthrow of Napoleon's despotism. The Sphinxes, the Griffins, the Lamie, forming a connecting link with the diabolic monster of mediæval fable, reconcile Mephistopheles to a sojourn which he at first contemplates with natural repugnance:—

Your pleasure grounds north-westward, Satan, lie,  
But south and eastward we to-night must hie.

The classical forms of the Sirens, the Oreads, and the Dryads have no attractions for the fiend of European romance. The mysterious Cabiri of unknown form and uncertain number, whom the Nereids bring from Samothrace, seem to Homunculus, who may perhaps represent modern thought—or, possibly, German philosophy—only shapeless earthen vessels. Faust, in the meantime, in the company of the Centaur Chiron, visits the prophetess Manto, and, at last, with the aid of Mephistopheles, who has borrowed the form of the one-eyed and one-toothed Phorkyas, he meets the living Helena, whose image he had before evoked by magic at the Emperor's Court. The *Classic Walpurgis Night* is an artificial labyrinth constructed for the amusement of scholars who like to lose their way that they may exercise their ingenuity in finding it.

The *Helena*, while it is partially similar, belongs to a higher order of poetry, though the allegory sometimes floats inconveniently near the surface. The iambic trimeters and trochaic tetrameters in which Helen addresses the chorus of captive maidens on her return to Sparta, happily indicate her character as the representative of classic antiquity; and it may be added that the lines are more dignified and vigorous than the ordinary German blank verse, with its frequent feminine terminations. The first lines of Mr. Martin's version show how truly he has understood the spirit of his master:—

I, Helena, of men much famed and much reviled,  
From yonder shore, where we have now but landed, come  
Still reeling with the heave and ever-restless roll  
Of ocean billows wild, whose high and foamy crests,  
By Euræus' might, and great Poseidon's grace, have borne  
Us back from Phrygia's plains to these our native bays.

The stewardess, who is Phorkyas or Mephistopheles, persuades Helen that she is about to be sacrificed by Menelaus, and she takes refuge with Faust, who has become the leader and the symbol of the invading chivalry of the North. When modern genius weds antique beauty, Goethe, with a curious attention to his own special handicraft, directs Helen's instant attention to the rhymes which she first hears from the quick-eyed warder, Lynceus:—

Each tone into the other seems to fit,  
And ere one word is wedded to the ear,  
A second comes to dally with the first.

From the union of Faust and Helena springs the wonderful boy Euphorion, who is the *Renaissance*, who is modern poetry, and who, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's contemptuous protest, is especially Lord Byron, or, according to the stage direction, "a well-known form." When the ambitious youth is, like Phaethon, dashed upon the ground, the lamentation of the Chorus is undoubtedly addressed to the English poet, who had earned a condescending notice by often saluting Goethe, with whose works he was wholly unacquainted, as the chief of his art:—

Ach! zum Erdenglück geboren, Hoher Ahnen, grosser Kraft; Leider! früh sich selbst verloren, Jugendblüthe weggerrafft. Scharfer Blick die Welt zu schauen, Mit ihm jedem Herzensdrang, Liebesgluth der besten Frauen, Und ein eigenster Gesang.	Born to earthly bliss, most rarely Gifted, of a race sublime; Yet, alas! called hence too early, Nipped like blossom in its prime. Thine, a vision was divine too, Thine a heart that felt for all, Woman's fondest love was thine too, And a song most magical.
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With the last representative of modern European poetry the classical element passes away, and Helen vanishes, leaving her dress, on which Faust floats away into new regions of adventure. The *caput mortuum*, or prose abstract of an allegory, is the driest of pedantic inventions. It may even be questioned whether Goethe was well advised in his selection of a vehicle for his medley of poetical theories and fancies. Nevertheless, the prodigal abundance of thought, of imagery, and of musical language would amply redeem the faults of a more impracticable or fantastic scheme. Whoever can recur again and again with increased enjoyment to the second part of *Faust* may congratulate himself on the certainty that he was born with a real appreciation of poetry. The translator who has accomplished the difficult task of transferring much of the original beauty of the poem into English is himself no ordinary artist.

#### ROMOLA.\*

NO reader of *Romola* will lay it down without admiration, and few without regret. Great as is the power displayed in it, and varied as is the interest awakened in it, there is still the general impression produced by it that the authoress has been tempted into a field where, indeed, she is not less than she has been,

but where her merits are obscured, and their effect impaired. She has left the description and study of English life, and has attempted to overcome the difficulties of the historical novel. Nothing can exceed the diligence with which she has applied herself to her task. She has set herself to paint Florence at the end of the fifteenth century, and to present the chief scenes of a decade of Florentine history. And if a sketch of Florence were her main object, she has selected a good time, and has mastered every detail that could give reality and picturesqueness to her representation. The period she has chosen enables her to bring on the canvas Macchiavelli and Savonarola, the exile of the Medici, the triumphant entry of Charles VIII. of France, and countless intrigues of one Florentine party against another. It enables her to depict the popular feeling about the Church, the wavering of opinion that preceded the Reformation, and the scholarly quarrels of the literary heroes of the *Renaissance*. Florentine life, also, both in the past and the present, is full of salient curiosities which catch and delight a studious English eye. To note these and to understand them, and to store them up and bring them out at last as children bring out of their baskets the shells and stones they have worked hard to collect, is a great pleasure. But it seems a pity that these things should be done by the authoress of *Adam Bede*. A lesser hand might have been employed to collect these simple treasures. However instructive it may be, it is not without a tax on our patience that we read long accounts of Florentine antiquities, and translations of sermons by Savonarola, and extracts from chronicles of processions. Sometimes the antiquarian quite drowns the novelist, and we are startled at lighting on one of those artless contrivances by which, in Becker's *Charities* or *Gallus*, a casual remark or passing fancy of the hero introduces a description that admirably illustrates all the hard bits in a satire of Horace or Juvenal. It is not without a pang that we come to passages in *Romola* such as that where an authoress known and respected as one of the first living writers of fiction actually goes off like Becker, or G. P. R. James, on the *Wars of the Jews*, and having first thrown out a preliminary "Fediddio, exclaimed Francesco Ceï, 'that is a well tanned Giovanni,'" proceeds to say that "to make clear this exclamation of Ceï, it must be understood that the car of the Zecca or Mint was originally," &c. &c., and so on for two pages of cram. Nor is this instructive antiquarianism relieved by any success of historical portraiture. Most of the Italians introduced are mere names to us—some few of them, like Politian, old names, but most of them new names—the names of men about whom we know nothing and care nothing, even when the most indefatigable and ingenious antiquarian has tried to teach us and to interest us. Macchiavelli is, indeed, a man whose fame, and opinions, and influence are familiar to us. But historical accuracy forbids the novelist to make Macchiavelli act in the period selected. He is merely a young man allowed occasionally to talk in as smart and cynical a manner as the skill of the authoress can manage. Savonarola alone affords scope for effective historical painting. The conception of the character of Savonarola which is here given is profound, subtle, and probably true. It would be difficult to convey more vividly the strange union of deception and noble truthfulness which was prominent in him. But there is little life in the scenes where he is introduced. He is merely a study, clever, original, and faithful. He does not fascinate and engross us with that semblance of a real man which, with so much less apparent effort of thought and art, Scott knew how to give to those creations of his imagination to which he attached great historical names.

But it must be remembered that readers can only have what authors can give them, and that authors cannot always give what readers would most like. The authoress of *Romola* has already published four tales of English life, and four tales of English life are quite enough to use up the experience and exhaust the reflections even of a mind so acute, so observant, and so meditative. She has only to look at her contemporaries and notice with dismay the effects of continuing to write after the well of thought has run dry, and when the same water has to be pumped backwards and forwards if the fountain is to play at the bidding of publishers. The minds of men gifted with great creative power can, indeed, turn from one set of subjects and one set of characters to another. Shakespeare, and Scott, and Goethe are, within certain limits, inexhaustible. But there is another order of minds, which is really creative and original, but which is always driven into the same groove, and works within bounds which have been probably assigned by the actual experience of life. The authoress of *Adam Bede* has a mind of this sort. With all its humour, and feeling, and philosophical and pictorial power, it is centred upon a few elements of character, and is controlled as if by the inevitable presence of certain familiar incidents. Stripped of their Florentine covering, and divested of those touches of variety which the genius of the writer imparts to them, several of the characters of *Romola*, and some of the chief events, are old—not in the sense that they are mere repetitions, or that the authoress ever shows poverty of invention, but that they involve the same moral problems, and cause or encounter the same difficulties in life. Especially the authoress seems to be haunted with the consequences that flow from the weakness of men. It is not because men are bad, or cruel, or lustful, so much as because they are weak, and get into little scrapes, which make them lie, that women are miserable. These weak men, liking comfort, prone to lie, hoping in a foolish sanguine way for the best, go tottering to their ruin, and drag down women with them. They drag down the pretty childish ones with babyish ways and a thirst for innocent

\* *Romola*. By the Author of "Adam Bede." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.



animal delight, and if they do not quite drag down the nobler natures, the proud, and unselfish, and highminded, they make their lives a weariness and a bitterness, and rob them of the high joys for which heaven fitted them. This is the sight in human life which has wrung the soul and stirred the spirit of the authoress of *Romola*; and it is this that has supplied her with a base for that kind of philosophical meditation which derives its strength from indignation, and its subtlety from the analysis of weak no less than of powerful characters.

In *Romola*, this weak, wavering man, his own victim and the victim of the circumstances he creates, assumes a shape which affords room for so elaborate a delineation as almost to conceal his similarity to the types of the same character in the earlier works of the authoress. If she has got nothing else out of her Florentine researches, and out of her selection of an historical, remote, and uninteresting period, she has at least got the possibility of drawing such a character as Tito—a Greek and an Italian at once, beautiful, refined, flexible, mean, cowardly, and yet charming and kind, and not very bad. In the latter part of the tale the subtle drawing of his character is swallowed up by the sad necessities of the Florentine story. His personal history and his personal character are lost in a dreary network of Medicean and anti-Medicean intrigues. We know that he is somehow very cunning, but what he wants, or how he hopes to get it, and why he should or should not get it, is a mystery. At last he is killed, but the tragedy of his death is impaired by our anxiety to get him out of the embroglio of Piagnoni, and Campagnacci, and Arrabbiati somehow or other—if in no other way, by being flung into the Arno and then strangled by a private enemy—but, at any rate, somehow. But in the earlier part of the story his character is worked out with an infinite vividness, and among much simpler elements. He burns to get on in the world; he sincerely loves *Romola*; he likes to play and trifle with the rural Tessa; and he is haunted day and night by the fear of Baldassere, the old man who has been a father to him, but whom he has deserted, and robbed, and denied. In the midst of these conflicting feelings and circumstances of his life he moves, instinct with life and beauty, and so profoundly averse to pain that he wishes to spare pain to others no less than to himself. It would be impossible to conceive the weak man, doomed to ruin himself and his attendant women, noble and simple, under conditions demanding more skill to depict and to control them. The authoress has been equal to the task she has set herself; and if at last all these Medicean intrigues make him fit before us like a wicked bloodless ghost shrouded in a veil, he leaves behind him the memory of the powerful pictures which the authoress has associated with him. There is, first, the picture of a man falling into falsehood, and made positively, though gradually, worse, not only by the contact with evil, but by the companionship of unrelenting truth and purity, which perpetually reminds him of the barrier between himself and innocence which he has built up. And there is the picture of a life passed in perpetual fear, and of the terrible burden which the undying vengeance of the half-witted old man he has wronged imposes on him in his greatest prosperity.

*Romola*, however, is the central character of the work which bears her name, and the interest attaching to her increases as the book goes on. Fortunately, as she is a woman, and a good woman, she is not thought suited to the Medicean intrigues, and only suffers in a remote and readable way from them. At first, she seems cut on a bigger scale than there is any occasion for. She is too much of a goddess to make it fair play for such a weak mortal as Tito to have to love her. It is only when she discovers his baseness, and gets into great moral difficulties, and has to settle how to deal with many conflicting claims of duty, that we see she was not shaped as a goddess for nothing. Then all the nobleness of her character, and all the originality and skill of the authoress who created her, begin to appear. Nothing in her behaviour seems to us more admirably conceived than her conduct to Tessa. *Romola* is married to Tito, and separated from him on account of his political sins and his ingratitude to her dearest friends, when she finds that Tito has another wife, the victim of a mock marriage—a silly, innocent peasant girl, with two children. *Romola* is too unhappy, too profoundly shocked at her husband's baseness, to feel much indignation at his infidelity, or to visit his sins on his children, and on the poor, confiding, simple girl who has loved him. She is very kind to Tessa, and learns to love the children, and in fact, after his death, has Tessa and the children to live with her. There is, perhaps, a little exaggeration of romance in this, but her general treatment of Tessa gives us her measure. She has too deep and large a nature for jealousy. Scarcely less interesting is the account of the weakness and the concessions to which her circumstances force her. She revolts with her whole soul against the meanness of her husband, and wants to fly from him; but she is brought back into the paths of duty by Savonarola, and consents to hold the position of a wife, and to occupy her time in good works. The grateful, meek earnestness with which she takes up the task imposed on her, and uses it as an escape from her own feelings, gives her character that air of softness which it would otherwise want.

*Romola* is saved by Savonarola from despair, and thenceforth is thrown into close relations with him. It is through *Romola* that the authoress gives her judgment on Savonarola, and all that is effective in the description of this unsuccessful reformer is connected with *Romola's* history. We cannot, therefore, separate the relations of *Romola* and Savonarola from the general mode in

which the authoress deals with the questions which Savonarola raised, and with the nature and value of a religious enthusiasm like his. It is here that the peculiar power of her mind shows itself. Nothing in the mere portraiture of character, or in the contrivance of incident, equals the general impression of greatness of mind which her mode of treating such subjects awakens. She makes us feel that we are in the hands of a thinker who has thought far down into the depths of the religious mind, and who has seriously and anxiously desired to ascertain what is the place of religious thought in the facts of life. *Romola*, at the end, stands aloof from Savonarola, loving him, burning with the recollections of his nobleness and zeal, well aware that enthusiasm does not alter the iron course of things, alive to the deceptions in which the desire for the religious improvement of the world involved him, determined herself not to pretend to be more certain of religious truths than she is, and concentrated in the discharge of daily duty and the offices of love. This is the character which the authoress depicts as surviving in a noble soul the contact with a pure and visionary enthusiasm. It would be difficult to say that, under such circumstances, there is any wisdom wiser than that which *Romola* displays, and which the authoress has the strength and courage to depict.

#### GIRALDUS MADE ENGLISH.\*

IT is wonderful how few people have the gift of translation. It is something quite distinct both from knowledge of the matter of the book to be translated and from knowledge of the languages from and into which the translation is to be made. To be able to translate of course implies both those kinds of knowledge, but it also implies a further special power which is not vouchsafed to all who possess them. Many a man who thoroughly understands a foreign language cannot make a decent translation from that language into his own. Some people seem not even to admit in theory that a translation ought to be accurate. A late scholar of really first-rate eminence was once taken to task in a review for certain manifestly inaccurate translations. The reviewer fully admitted the thorough scholarship of the translator, but wondered that, with such thorough scholarship, he "either could not or would not" translate a single passage accurately. The translator, utterly mistaking the point of the charge, answered that it was the first time that he had ever been charged with lacking the first rudiments of scholarship—in short, with not being able to construe. As for the translations, anybody might have seen that "they were not meant to be accurate." Here, surely, was a practical plea of "guilty." One horn of the reviewer's dilemma was accepted. No one had supposed that he could not construe, that he did not thoroughly understand every passage translated; but, by his own showing, he "would not" translate accurately—he did not look on accuracy as any part of the business of a translator. The scholar in question was no other than the late Colonel Mure, whose perfect scholarship, as far as thorough knowledge of the Greek language and its literature went, no man ever doubted, but a large portion of whose translations will be found to be in this way wilfully inaccurate. Now, if such a man as Colonel Mure could put forth such a theory, what are we to expect from the practice of smaller people? Most translators, even when they understand and fairly represent the general meaning of their author, seem to think it their duty carefully to destroy everything characteristic of the man or of his age. Their object seems to be, to clothe the matter of the author in such a form as they would themselves clothe it in if writing an original work. But, to our mind, the object of a translator ought to be to give his reader the clearest notion that the difference of language allows of the manner as well as the matter of the author. Whatever may be thought of translations from contemporary modern writers, this is undoubtedly the only rule in translating classical and mediæval writers, where every touch which is distinctive either of the writer personally, or of his age as distinguished from ours, ought to be preserved with the greatest care. It is so difficult a task thoroughly to do this that it sometimes happens that an avowed imitation gives a truer notion of an author's manner than a professed translation. Possibly, some notion of this sort was lurking in the mind of Colonel Mure, when he said that his translations were not meant to be accurate. But, unluckily, they were put forth as actual translations, not as avowed free reproductions. And such reproductions would be always minutely accurate in the very point in which most translations most completely break down—namely, in the rendering of names, titles, and technical expressions of all kinds. These it is the obvious duty of a translator to preserve with the most rigid accuracy. They are part of the character of the man and his age, and, as such, must never be tampered with. If the writer is himself accurate, they should be preserved because of their accuracy; if they are inaccurate, they should be equally preserved in the text, because such inaccuracy is a characteristic of the author which ought not to be concealed. The translator may most properly point out in a note either any inaccuracy in his author or any expressions which modern readers might be

\* *The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis. Containing the Topography of Ireland and the History of the Conquest of Ireland, Translated by Thomas Forester, Esq., M.A. The Itinerary through Wales and the Description of Wales, Translated by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. Revised and Edited, with Additional Notes, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. London: H. G. Bohn. 1863.*

likely to misunderstand. But, in his text, his business is neither to improve nor to explain, but to translate what he finds. The formulas of the writer's age must not be exchanged for formulas of the present age, even when substantial accuracy would not be violated by the change. Now some translators think they may translate anyhow; they wilfully obliterate distinctions made with the utmost care by the author. Herodotus carefully distinguishes βασιλεὺς and ῥήτορες; Professor Rawlinson jumbles up the two, thereby wiping out a cardinal fact of Greek politics. So the great historian of Switzerland, Johann von Müller, carefully distinguishes, as any accurate man would, *King* and *Emperor*, *König* and *Kaiser*. His French translator utterly obliterates the distinction. *König* constantly becomes *Empereur*; the correct description, *König der Deutschen*, becomes the absurd *Empereur d'Allemagne*, while, by way of recompense, a real Empress, called in the German text *Kaiserin*, is degraded in the French into a mere *Reine*. So Müller no less carefully distinguishes between religious and secular foundations. This, too, is lost in the French. The word *Münster*, when applied to the great Collegiate Churches of Switzerland, is rendered at random *Cathédrale* and *Convent*, each alike utterly inapplicable. In fact, to find a translator who will rigidly stick to the text of his author, simply explaining in a note anything that needs explanation, is one of the rarest things in the world.

We have been led into this train of thought by the translation of some of the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, now before us, which illustrates most of the remarks which we have just made. We confess that we have no great love for translations of mediæval writers, which are too often made excuses for idleness. But if they are necessary—if there is any class really likely to profit by them who cannot read them in the original Latin—it is the more necessary that every name and title, that the author's way of describing every place, thing, and person, should be preserved with the most rigorous accuracy. Now, we do not profess to have read these translations through; but we have compared them with the original in a good many places taken at random, and we have almost everywhere found some mistake or other—either an actual misunderstanding of the meaning, or the obliteration of some characteristic way of speaking. Sir R. C. Hoare is, we think, unfairly treated in being reproduced in this shape. He was a really praiseworthy antiquary in his generation, and was greatly in advance of his contemporaries; but it is absurd to reproduce his translation and his notes now-a-days, as if general scholarship, and especially archaeology, and, above all, Welsh archaeology, had made no advances since his time. That Sir R. C. Hoare's notes contain no signs of profiting by the labours of antiquaries who have studied and written since his death, is in no way wonderful, and in no way discreditable. But that such notes should be reprinted now-a-days, as if no better information was to be had, is highly discreditable to those who have arranged the present volume. Even when we find Sir Richard Hoare mistaking the Latin words of his author, we are less inclined to blame him at his time of day than we are to blame Mr. Wright, who professes to have made the "necessary alterations and corrections." No editor of common carefulness ought to have left the absurd rendering which is found in the very first sentence of the *Itinerary*, by which the unlucky Holy Roman Empire is made to suffer as deeply at the hands of Sir R. C. Hoare as it suffered at the hands of the French translator of Müller. Giraldus solemnly dates the year of Archbishop Baldwin's journey by the contemporary sovereigns of most parts of Europe. At the head of the secular princes we naturally find "Imperante Romæ Alemannorum Rege Frederico." This is an expression of most studious accuracy. "Frederick, King of the Germans (or Almans) being Emperor of Rome." Will it be believed that Sir R. C. Hoare translates, and Mr. Wright allows the translation to stand—"Frederick, Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans?" The Latin words are not translated at all, and an absurd and misleading description is substituted for an accurate one. In the next paragraph, Ralph Glanville is called, "præcipuus Regis tunc consiliarius, regnique totius justitarius," which Sir R. C. Hoare oddly translates, "*privy counsellor* and *justiciary* of the whole kingdom." But, yet more strangely, some way on (c. iii.), when Giraldus calls Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, "principalem regni tunc sub Rege rectorem," Sir R. C. Hoare makes him into "*prime minister*"—a title which even Lord North rejected as an unauthorized innovation, and which would have sounded still more wonderful in the ears of Bishop Roger. In the same paragraph, Peter de Leia, Bishop of St. David's, is called "Cluniacensis morchus;" that is, of course, "a monk of the Cluniac order," not, as it is in the translation, "a monk of the Abbey of Cluny." The note adds that "he was prior of the *Benedictine* monastery of Wenlock"—Wenlock, like its prior, being Cluniac. Soon after, "the metropolitan See of St. David's" is not a translation of the words "*sedem Menevensensem, quæ caput est Walliæ*," nor is the matter mended by directly after translating "*Metropolitane sedis*," simply "the Church." In short, the whole passage is not translated at all, and the emphatic words, "*quæ caput est Walliæ*," are wholly left out. In the next paragraph, we find one Hector in the translation "*conversing* with the Archbishop about taking the cross." In the Latin it is "*ab Archiepiscopo de crucis susceptione conventus*," which surely means something more than the casual talk which alone is implied in the English.

In the second chapter, we read in Giraldus:—

Inter multos ibidem crucesignandos quosdam vidimus qui, relictis vestibus, quibus alii ab amicis, alii ab uxoris retinebantur, usque in castrum ipsum cursim ad Archiepiscopum evaserunt.

Here is a vivid description of the zeal of the new Crusaders, and not without a reference to the story of Joseph. In the hands of the translator it evaporates into the following sentence, which gives no clear reason for the loss of their garments:—

We observed some amongst the multitude, who were to be signed with the cross (leaving their garments in the hands of their friends or wives, who endeavoured to keep them back), fly for refuge to the archbishop in the castle.

A little way on, the "*subcellerarius*" of a monastery becomes the "*under-butler*," as if he were a servant of the society and not one of its members. Presently we meet with a question for Miss Yonge. Surely, "*Annes*," into which Giraldus tells us that the English changed the name of Nest, means not "*Anne*," but "*Agnes*," with an approach to the French sound.

The translator, again, mistakes his author as to the origin of the name of Llanthony, which we fancy most people think at first means the church of St. Anthony. Giraldus says it was—

Super fluvium Hodeni [Hodddu] per vallis ima labentis situs; unde ab Hodeni Lanhodeni dictus. Lan enim locus ecclesiasticus sonat. *Exquisitius tamen dici potest*, quod propria loci illius nuncupatio Cambricæ est Nanthodeni. Nant etenim rivus dicitur aque decurrentis, unde usque hodie ab accolis locus iste lingua Cambricâ Landevi Nanthodeni vocatur, i. e. ecclesia Davidis super rivum Hodeni. Corrupte igitur Angli Lanthoni dicunt, ubi vel Nanthodeni per se t. id est, rivus Hodeni, vel Lanhodeni per sine t. id est, ecclesia Hodeni dici deberet.

The translation is—

From Hodeni it was called Lanhodeni, for Lan signifies an ecclesiastical place. This derivation may appear far-fetched, for the name of the place, in Welsh, is Nanthodeni. Nant signifies a running stream, from whence this place is still called by the inhabitants Landevi Nanthodeni, or the church of Saint David upon the river Hodeni. The English, therefore, corruptly call it Lanthoni, whereas it should either be called Nanthodeni, that is, the brook of the Hodeni, or Lanhodeni, the church upon the Hodeni.

Sir R. C. Hoare completely mistakes the meaning of the words "*exquisitius dici potest*." Giraldus does not say anything so absurd as that the obvious derivation from *Lan* and *Hodeni* "may appear far-fetched." He says the exact contrary—that the less obvious one from *Nant* is the accurate one, which is evidently the meaning of "*exquisitius dici potest*."

This is enough for Sir R. C. Hoare, whose mistakes it was a pity to disentomb. Let us now try Mr. Forester, who writes expressly for the present occasion. In the first chapter of the first book of the Conquest of Ireland, Mr. Forester tells us that "the King was at that time beyond sea, far away in *Aquitaine*, in *France*, and much engaged in business." The description of "*Aquitaine* in *France*," in the work of a man of the twelfth century, is something exquisitely ludicrous, but the learned Archdeacon says no such thing. His Latin, to which Mr. Forester does justice in no respect, is, "*Qui licet in remotis et transmarinis Aquitania Gallie partibus, principali more, negotiosus existens*." Giraldus did not, like Mr. Forester, think it necessary to explain to his readers that Aquitaine was "in *France*," a statement to which the people of Aquitaine would have a little demurred—he was trying to adapt his language to that of the opening sentence of Cæsar's Commentaries.

In the seventh chapter we read in the Latin, "*Idem Julius, Occidentali demum orbe subacto, singularis imperii ambitione, bello plusquam civili, gentibus invisis Latium præbere cruorem non formidavit*." Mr. Forester translates:—

This same Julius, after having, at length, conquered the western parts of the world, ambitious of supreme power, did not hesitate to bring foreign nations to shed the blood of the Roman people, in a worse than civil war.

The force of *singularis imperii*, so happily expressing the substitution of the rule of one for a republican government, is quite lost in Mr. Forester's version; and if Giraldus chose to say "*Latin*" for "*Roman*," his translator ought to preserve the expression, even if he thought it affected. But the odd thing is, that neither its editor nor the translator seems to have found out that the words:—

Gentibus invisis Latium præbere cruorem.

are a hexameter verse, quoted from the beginning of Lucan (i. 9).

In turning over a few more pages, we light on a few more errors. In the twentieth chapter Giraldus says:—"Eâ tempestate . . . Thomas Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus in Angliâ gladii impiorum occubuit." Mr. Forester translates, "About that time Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, in England, perished by the hands of impious men." Now Giraldus did not think it necessary to tell anybody that Canterbury was in England; but, as he was speaking of things which were happening in Ireland and Aquitaine, it was not unnatural that he should specify that it was in England that the Archbishop was killed.

In chapter xxii. Giraldus speaks of two people, "*Giraldides Mauritius*" and "*Reymundus*," being at Dublin. "*Giraldides Mauritius*" is Giraldus's peculiar way of expressing Maurice Fitzgerald, and he calls Fitzstephen "*Stephanides*"—a peculiarity which, as it was no more the custom of his time than it is of ours, we should have been half inclined to preserve. But Mr. Forester cuts the two men into three—"Fitzgerald, Maurice, and Raymond." In the like sort, directly after, "*duo Mauriti filii Giraldus et Alexander*," becomes "two sons of Fitzmaurice, Gerald and Alexander." That is, Maurice, after being first cut into two people, is now turned into his own father.

There is plenty more of this sort of thing, but we will only notice the way in which both translators slur over the habits of the time and the man in the use of national names. Giraldus somewhere calls Wales "*Wallia*," its common name, but far more generally "*Cambria*," the use of this last name being

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evidently part of his assumed Cymrian nationality. In the hands of his translators "*Cambria*" becomes Wales, destroying this peculiarity. And Mr. Forester does not scruple to father on his author those awkward double formations which are now and then necessary, but of which modern writers are far too lavish, and which certainly are not in the style of Giraldus. Thus, Giraldus explains the origin of our friend Stephanides:—"Fuerat ex patre Normanno et Anglico; et matre Britannica et Kambrica, nobili scilicet Nestâ progenitus." Mr. Forester turns this into—"On the father's side he was an *Anglo-Norman*, on the mother's a *Cambro-Briton*, being the son of the noble lady, Nestâ." Here Mr. Forester had, perhaps, the excuse that the passage is a little hard to translate literally; but what are we to say to him in the eighteenth chapter, where first "*Anglos*" is translated "*natives of England*;" then "*Anglorum populus*," "the Anglo-Saxon people;" lastly, "*Angli*," simply "*Englishmen*?" The key is this: in the first two places the word "*Angli*" refers to people before the Norman Conquest, in the third it refers to people after the Norman Conquest. The latter Mr. Forester had no scruple in calling "*Englishmen*," but he could not understand that there could be Englishmen before 1066; so Giraldus had to be altered accordingly, and his simple "*Angli*" to be changed into "*Anglo-Saxons*" and "*natives of England*."

Gibbon says, in one of his sharp notes, "Put not your trust in translations." The warning is always needed, but certainly never more so than in translations like those in the present series. The object is to do the work quickly and cheaply. A good translation, with really useful notes, would have cost both time and money. It was much cheaper to use up any old translation, however inaccurate, to retain notes which explain only a stage of antiquarian knowledge two generations old, and to entrust the part which is unavoidably new to a man who makes such a mess of it as Mr. Forester has done. When will literature—above all, historical literature—be set free from the plague of hack writers?

#### VISITS TO JAPAN AND CHINA.\*

HOWEVER problematical as yet may be the permanent success of the treaties by which the nations of Europe have opened Japan to foreign trade, it cannot be denied that Lord Elgin's mission has borne sufficient fruit in a literary point of view. Volume after volume, written under all varieties of circumstance and from all possible points of view, official and private, comes out to swell our details of information about a country which a few years ago was one of the most mysterious centres of Asian or Pacific mystery. From the light and airy tourist of the Kinahan Cornwallis type, who has been everywhere all round the world, and spins such an easy, shadowy yarn of adventure about the four quarters of the globe that sceptical readers half doubt whether he has ever been in any one of them, to the grave Sir Rutherford Alcock, Her Majesty's Minister at Yeddo, there is a wide range; but it is nearly all filled up. Even the personal grievances of the outraged Mr. Moss, who received such heavy compensation for breaking the Japanese game laws, lie upon every London club table, for the instruction of all who wish to understand how far British Cockeyes of a poaching turn may profitably disport themselves in Japan.

Mr. Fortune's book lies somewhere near the happy half-way point between the flippancy of the mere purposeless sightseer and the diplomatic solemnity which becomes a great official personage. It is conceived in the spirit of cheery and tasteful enthusiasm which accompanies the development of a satisfactory and cultivated hobby. Mr. Fortune visited Japan not to win wealth by hard trading, not to smoothe away or boldly front the many difficulties of international intercourse, but to investigate the botanical peculiarities of the empire, and secure specimens of its flora; and his expedition appears to have prospered altogether in the accomplishment of the purposes for which it was undertaken. There was, in the language of metaphor, a whole mine of botanical wealth open for the European explorer. There was no apparent jealousy on the part of the Japanese, whether princes, two-sworded feudal retainers, common populace, or government officials, of ceding their exclusive right to the indigenous beauties of Japanese foliage and flower which Mr. Fortune was anxious to appropriate. Native gardeners aided him zealously for a reasonable consideration in the acquisition of any remarkable varieties. Native carpenters constructed the glass cases in which his delicate treasures were to travel across so many thousand miles of salt sea. Fortunate gales wafted the ships bearing the precious freight across the Pacific, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans. There need be no wonder if now, when his choice selection of Japanese plants is happily naturalizing itself in English gardens, Mr. Fortune is in the best of humours with the country, and with the people among whom he made a short, pleasant, and highly successful sojourn. Sir Rutherford Alcock, whose mission was not of definite duration, whose daily contests with the subtle and dangerous childishness of Japanese diplomacy were of a more worrying and wearying character—whose life was not unlike that of a powerful and acute fly trying to burst through an endless series of gossamer webs, while Mr. Fortune may be compared to an ideally prosperous honey bee, collecting his stores

with a buzz of jolly industry among the sweetest flowers—writes in a very different key. As showing a deeper insight into the character and circumstances of the people whose disposition and relation to ourselves he was specially bound to study, Sir Rutherford Alcock's very detailed journal is undoubtedly the most valuable work of the two; but Mr. Fortune is the pleasanter companion for readers who do not wish to be perpetually oppressed with a sense of the volcanic insecurity in which the representatives of English nationality and English commerce at present live in Japan.

Mr. Fortune seems to have travelled through a large portion of the great island of Nipon, mainly to the southward of Yeddo. He describes and illustrates with much picturesqueness the scenery of which the nomenclature has become, in the last ten years, so familiar to English ears. The magnificent snow-tipped cone of the great volcanic mountain, Fusi-yama, which forms such a favourite background in Japanese drawings and Japanese stories, has impressed Mr. Fortune, no less than other observers, with the sense of its extreme and characteristic beauty. Besides exploring the country far and wide, on foot or on horseback, Mr. Fortune steamed through the sacred waters of the Inland Sea—the series of straits which winds between the islands of Nipon, Sikok, and Kiusiu. This privilege had been conceded as a matter of courtesy to foreign ships of war alone. Mr. Fortune was not a passenger on board of a ship of war, but on board a mercantile steamer conveying presents from the Tycoon to the Queen of England. In a land where the atmosphere of royal etiquette is so strictly sacred that the Spiritual Emperor can scarcely be dressed or washed without forcing his attendants to commit sacrilege, it was logical and convenient to persuade the authorities that the destination of these presents ought to invest the carrying vessel with their own royal character; and so Mr. Fortune enjoyed a most exceptional opportunity of seeing some of the most secluded and beautiful scenery in Japan. When, or if, the stipulations of Lord Elgin's treaty are fully carried out in practice, the southernmost reach of this Inland Sea will become a familiar track to English navigators by the opening of the port of Hiogo to foreign commerce. The present year is the date originally fixed for putting the particular stipulation on this point into practice. It is one of the greatest and most obvious importance to our interests in Japan, inasmuch as Hiogo is the port of the great imperial and commercial city of Osaka, and lies within a short distance of the chief tea plantations. The date of its opening, however, and the extent to which it is *bonâ fide* thrown open to free trade, if at all, will probably depend on the comparative political strength of the Tycoon, and the obstructive or conservative Daimios. That jealousy of foreign participation in the blessings of Japanese existence which has shown itself at Yeddo year by year with increasing bitterness in isolated homicides and wholesale attempts at treacherous assassination, is not likely to be restrained without a severe struggle from throwing every possible impediment in the path of the responsible Government of the Tycoon, should he prove himself too ready to carry out loyally the engagements contracted with European Powers. The topic of our political relations with the contending parties of protection and free-trade in Japan belongs more properly to a critique of Sir Rutherford Alcock's volumes; but even in the speculations of the intelligent but sanguine observer, Mr. Fortune, there is matter for serious misgivings as to the chances of the future. From the latest accounts it would seem as if the only probable alternative to a general war with the Japanese were a war with the particular Daimio to whose instigation the latest outrages against the lives of Englishmen can be traced. The maritime position of the chief city of his province, Kagosima, points to the possibility of inflicting serious damage in the first instance upon the territories of the main offender, without rendering a general conflict absolutely inevitable. Whether the interests or the pride of his brother Daimios will allow them to remain passive while the hated foreigner is exacting apologies and compensation from the Prince of Satsuma, is a problem yet to be solved, of which the solution depends upon many considerations which we have no means of influencing or even knowing. It is only certain that an imminent war will not be conjured away or retarded by the prevailing spirit of courtesy towards an adventurous naturalist which marked the popular reception of Mr. Fortune and his botanist's wallet and trowel.

It is impossible to doubt that the anxieties of our diplomatic intercourse have been much increased at times by the behaviour of the English residents in Japan. Ordinary Englishmen are apt to disregard or rebel against all police regulations which appear to them only prompted by conventional or artificial necessities. The rareness with which any limitation is imposed upon individual freedom of action in English life makes it difficult for them to submit at once to an unexplained restriction when abroad, just as an habitually opposite treatment at home renders Frenchmen habitually docile in their relations with strangers. Ordinary Englishmen are, moreover, apt to think that their individual readiness to take their own lives in their hand and be responsible for their own comfort or safety frees them from the duty of attending to the directory regulations which an over-careful Government or its representative may have drawn out for their observance. Such recklessness of all but personal consequences is in no wise justified by readiness to assume the widest personal responsibility. A British subject compromises his country as well as himself by running unnecessary hazards of political assassination in a half friendly foreign land.

\* *Visits to Japan and China.* By Robert Fortune. London: Murray. 1863.

We disclaim any intention of suggesting that the particular victims who have actually fallen did anything to excuse or palliate the outrage committed upon them. But even the harmless botanist, Mr. Fortune, appears hardly to have been aware of the duty of a British subject to conform strictly to the rules laid down by those who were officially responsible for his protection. With the perfect knowledge that "Yeddo was a sealed city to all foreigners who were not officials, unless they were specially invited as guests by their Minister at the Court of the Tycoon," he took upon himself, in the absence of Sir Rutherford Alcock, to apply for an invitation to the American Minister, who thoughtlessly assented to the request. When the British Chargé d'Affaires, in Sir Rutherford's absence, discovered an Englishman staying in Yeddo in wilful violation of rule, precedent, and treaty, under the shelter of a sanction which the American Minister had no power of giving, he very properly requested the unlicensed visitor to leave the capital without delay. Mr. Fortune could see nothing in the course adopted but an instance of the insolence of a Jack in office, whose dignity had been offended by the omission to apply to him, as the temporary head of the Legation, for a formal authority to visit Yeddo.

Among the many curious facts observed by Mr. Fortune in Japanese agriculture, the ordinary method of harvesting the barley crop is perhaps the most curious. Many of the peoples of Southern Europe are ingenious enough in gathering the ears of corn and getting rid of the straw by burning it on the ground; but there is a complex subtlety in the Japanese process which is very peculiar. The barley is first cut and tied in small sheaves, which are moved to a convenient spot on the edge of the field. The reaper takes a sheaf in one hand, and with the other sets fire to it close to the ears. As it burns, the heads of corn snap from the stalk and fall to the ground. Lighting another sheaf, the workman throws the first away in a blaze, regardless of the waste of the straw, or, perhaps, scientifically anxious to return its constituents to the soil and the air by the shortest possible process. As the singed ears fall to the ground, the fire goes out, leaving them slightly browned, but with the grain unharmed. They are picked up again, and taken home in baskets to be threshed without delay. Unless there is some virtue given to the grain by singeing the beards off the ears, it is difficult to perceive the economy of thus multiplying the operations of harvesting, in place of gathering the ears off the stalk at once. Perhaps it is a traditional and sacred process originally invented by chance, like Bobo's method of cooking roast pig by burning the house down, so famous through the accurate narration of Charles Lamb.

Japanese farming, according to Mr. Fortune, busies itself mainly with arable crops. There is little or no grazing of sheep or cattle. Pork is the most abundant meat in the butchers' shops; but the living animal is mostly kept out of sight. The uplands are carefully cultivated for crops of dry corn and summer vegetables. The lowlands which can be irrigated are chiefly devoted to the growth of rice, the main staple of food in Japan, and almost the only article of which there is any considerable import. Former observers, says Mr. Fortune, have stated very inaccurately that hardly a foot of ground, to the very tops of the mountains, is left uncultivated. In fact, large tracts of rich inland country are left in wild forest and brushwood of no value. Dutch writers, whose experience of the interior was limited to a journey with the embassies along the Tokaido or imperial highway from Nagasaki to Yeddo, asserted that the population was dense, and the cultivation universal. Mr. Fortune's rambles away from the one great channel of traffic enable him authoritatively to contradict the one assertion and the other; and his observations inland were corroborated by the notable scarcity of fishing-boats which he remarked on his coasting voyages. It is not unnatural that a population which has for so long maintained itself, without the help of foreign trade, in all the comforts and luxuries which it has yet learnt to appreciate, and which has a store of uncultivated land to fall back upon wherever there is labour at command, should be slow to realize the advantages of free exchange. If the first result of that exchange be the increasing dearthness of the main articles of Japanese consumption, until the quantities exported are fully replaced by a more extended cultivation of the land which now lies useless, no surprise need be excited by the ingratitude of the common people for the benefits of the future which have been forced upon them. Mr. Fortune is convinced, by his own observation, that Japan possesses the capability of producing silk and tea for exportation to an almost unlimited extent. Whenever his dream is realized, the Japanese population generally, as well as the Japanese Government, of whatever form it may then be, will be filled with all common learning as to the balance of trade. We fear that we are still a long way off from that delightful consummation—universal agreement in the doctrines of political economy.

After Japan, China seems homely and almost cockney in Mr. Fortune's pages. Happily, we have no recognised institution like the beggars of Tien-tan, who rule over the respectable bourgeoisie with a tyranny which has not the fear of a city police before its eyes. The surgeons of the English army of occupation attempted charitably to alleviate human suffering by curing disense or distortion; but their efforts were ill received in proportion to their success. "You take my life, when you do take" the broken leg or other deformity by which I live—is the first and last sentiment of an ingraind beggar, whether in China or at Rome. Habit is

second nature everywhere; and even at the price of having a limb set straight, or a new power or sense given him for nothing, it is not every true mendicant who can afford to be suddenly thrown out of his profession. When the habit of human sacrifice was abolished among the Khoords in India, the parties who felt themselves most deeply aggrieved by the reform were those who were being solemnly trained or fed up for sacrificial victims. The object of their lives was unhandsonely taken from them, and no fresh interest could be made to grow in its place. It is equally difficult to contend with traditionally-vested rights all over the world, whether they are those of the Camorra at Naples, the begging fraternity of China, the victims of the Khoords, or the exclusive Autochthones of Zipangu.

#### BLADES' LIFE AND TYPOGRAPHY OF CAXTON.\*

WE have now to congratulate Mr. Blades on the successful completion of his laborious work. His former volume was favourably reviewed by us, when it first appeared, as being a very satisfactory biography of the first English printer, and as showing conclusively Caxton's typographical descent, so to say, from Colard Mansion of Bruges. The volume now before us is confined to a critical examination of the productions of the famous printing-press of the Red Pale in the Almonry of Westminster. It is seldom that we have to welcome so searching and exhaustive a treatment of a subject as this. Mr. Blades has expended years of thought and labour on his inquiry; and it is difficult to believe that the world will ever know more of Caxton's typography than is to be learnt from this admirable monograph. The author confines himself very rigidly to the immediate subject which he has proposed to himself. There is very little to be learnt from these volumes even about Caxton's successors, Wynkyn de Worde or Pynson. Yet, incidentally, a great deal of light is thrown by these researches on the subject of early printing in general, and also on the literature of the time. Perhaps Mr. Blades would have been better advised had he assumed a less degree of acquaintance, on his readers' part, with typographical technology. We are convinced, for example, that there are many well-informed persons who would be thankful for a glossary which would tell them the meaning of such words as "reglet," "tympan," "frisket," "furniture," and "register," in connexion with the printing-press.

The volume before us consists of two parts. In the first, Mr. Blades gives a dissertation upon the art of printing, as Caxton practised it, founded upon a critical examination of the productions of his press. In this inquiry the author's own experience as a practical printer stands him in good stead. Indeed, without such technical knowledge this investigation would have been impossible altogether. Mr. Blades is not the first English printer who, like Caxton himself, has been also an author. But he himself remarks that none of his predecessors, amongst whom are reckoned Moxon, Bowyer, Nicholls, Hansard, and Timperley, have been at the pains to give an accurate account of Caxton's types. It is greatly to our author's credit that, both here and in the bibliographical part of his work, he has given us the benefit of his own honest personal investigation. All his information is original and at first hand, or, at least, has been carefully verified. It has been the special vice of former bibliographers to copy one another, like so many sheep following their leader. Mr. Blades, though wholly free from literary asperity, is tempted to depart from his usual reserve in criticising the famous Dr. T. F. Dibdin, who, in spite of his reputation, is a very unsafe guide in matters bibliographical. Thus, he points out the inaccuracy of Dibdin's "collations," and his blind copying of Herbert's errors without any independent examination.

It may be a proud thing to have an original Caxton in one's library, but to possess Mr. Blades' book will be enough for all except very far gone bibliomaniacs. For here we have specimens and exact counterparts of almost every work that was issued from the Westminster press. Mr. Blades has even copied all the water-marks in the paper which Caxton used; and has distinguished and reproduced in facsimile the six different founts of type which were worked in his office. Speaking of type, our author remarks that all writers on the subject who have not been professional printers have wandered far and wide in the discussion. He excepts M. Bernard's *De l'Origine de l'Imprimerie en Europe*. The mystery in which the art of type-founding used to be involved is not even yet wholly dispelled. So late as 1859, no London type-founder would either give or sell to Mr. Blades a worn-out punch, matrix, and mould, which he wanted for the sake of scientific study. Caxton's types would seem to have been cast by some rude process, in lead or some soft metal, without the use of hard-metal punches, and with matrices of sand. He derived his traditions from the Flemish printers, who were far behind their German and Italian contemporaries in the art. Aldus, as Mr. Panizzi has shown, employed no less an artist than Francia for the production of his beautiful types.

We are reminded in a note that Miss Emily Faithfull might find ancient precedents for the employment of female compositors, for, in two of the earliest known wood-cuts of printing-presses, women

\* *The Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer; with Evidence of his Typographical Connexion with Colard Mansion, the Printer at Bruges.* Compiled from Original Sources by William Blades. Vol. 2. Joseph Lilly. 1863.



are represented as setting up type from a "case." Our author concludes, from the appearance of the printed sheets, that "composing-sticks," "setting-rules," and "chases" were first used by Caxton in the year 1480, when the fount of type No. 4 was imported from Flanders. Speaking of the logotypes which were used by the earliest printers, but were soon abandoned, he remarks that the continual mistakes in ancient books between *in* and *ni*, *un* and *nu*, afford the strongest evidence against the usefulness of the system. Continuing his researches, Mr. Blades describes the "sloppy" ink used by Caxton, and the rude method of working the press. He thinks that the arrival of Wynkyn de Worde in the office was the epoch at which two pages were for the first time worked off together. Subsequent sections examine in great detail the signatures and the collation of Caxton's sheets, the folding of his paper into ternions or quaternions, his employment of a "rubriker" or "scriver" for inserting initial letters in colours, the use of woodcuts in his pages, and the well-known device which is found in most of the later books which he printed. This device, as is well known, is composed of the initial letters W. C., divided by a symbol which *may*, by an effort of fancy, be supposed to represent the figures 7 and 4 reversed. But why 74? We are obliged to differ altogether from Mr. Blades in his explanation of this subject. In the first place, the figures, if indeed they are figures, are 47, not 74; and secondly, no satisfactory reason is given for either date. If, again, Caxton did not adopt the device till the year 1488, as is alleged, it seems still more unlikely that he should have chosen a date fourteen years back for some sentimental reason. The truth seems to be that this device is merely a merchant's mark, such as was commonly used by merchants of the Staple and other traders who were not allowed to have armorial bearings. We believe that these marks, like masons' marks, are for the most part arbitrary devices without any special meaning or symbolism. They are mentioned in *Piers*

*Plowman* :—

Wide windows ywrought, ywritten full thick,  
Shining with shapen shields to shewen about,  
With marks of merchants ymeddled between.

It is strange that so good an antiquary as Mr. Blades should not have been aware, so far as we can ascertain, of this custom of traders bearing distinguishing marks, instead of coat armour. We subjoin the remarks on Caxton's device upon which we have commented :—

The interpretation of this device offers a question by no means of easy solution. The common sense reading W. C. 74, meaning William Caxton, 1474, is doubtless correct, and we may, therefore, dismiss as unworthy of serious notice, the suggestions that the figures should be reversed to read 447, or that the 74 or 47 refer to Caxton's age and not to a particular year. The problem to be solved is why did Caxton use the year 1474 as his device? Bibliographers have hitherto assumed that it must be in reference to his introduction of printing into England, and quote the colophon to the first edition of the *Chess Book* in support of the argument. But, as already shown, the date of the *Chess Book* refers to the translation of the work, the printing having been certainly accomplished at Bruges, and probably in 1475, Caxton's settlement at Westminster not having occurred until late in 1475, or perhaps in 1476. On the whole it seems most natural that a date used in that manner would refer to some turning point in Caxton's typographical career; and I, therefore, believe that the old reading of 1474 is correct, and suggest that the reference is probably to the date of printing *The Recuyell*, which, although translated in 1471, was circulated for a considerable time in manuscript only. Caxton certainly learnt the art while assisting to print this book; it appears also from his description that it was the first fruit of his authorship, and at the same time the first book printed in his native language—all which circumstances would lead him to look back upon 1474 as an epoch to be commemorated.

The second and larger part of the present volume contains a most minute inquiry into all the books or fragments which came from Caxton's press, arranged chronologically, according to the founts of type employed in composing them. The plan is most systematic. First, Mr. Blades gives a careful collation of the book. Then he specifies any typographical peculiarities which he has discovered in it. Next, he notices any existing manuscripts of the text, and then examines all the known remaining copies of the printed edition. Finally, he tabulates the sale-prices for which the book has been sold in famous auctions. It is, of course, impossible to follow the author into these minute, but often curious and valuable, details. This part of the work will be a perfect paradise to bibliographers, and will be invaluable to the lucky possessors of original *Caxtons*. Incidentally, many subjects of great interest are discussed and elucidated. Such, for example, is the ingenious suggestion by Mr. Bradshaw, of King's College, Cambridge, that the unique fragment of a Primer, or a "Hore," in the Douce collection, belongs to a special prayer-book, printed for the Corporation of Esterlings, in London. This hypothesis is founded upon the circumstance that St. Barbara, the patron saint of that German guild, is commemorated, along with the Three Kings of Cologne, in an otherwise English service-book. Here is a story which will make an antiquary's mouth water, and will give a useful hint to all possessors of old books :—

In the summer of 1858 I embraced an opportunity of inspecting the old library in the Grammar School attached to the Abbey of St. Alban's. I found a few valuable books, all contained (and I believe are at the present time) in an old deal cupboard, upon which the leakage from the roof had dripped, apparently, for years. It must have been long since any one had touched a book there, and the amount of dust and decay was certainly enough to deter even a bibliomaniac from so doing. After examining a few interesting books, I pulled out one which was lying flat upon the top of others. It was in a most deplorable state, covered thickly with a damp, sticky dust, and with a considerable portion of the back rotted away by wet. The white decay fell in lumps on the floor as the unappreciated volume was

opened. It proved to be Geoffrey Chaucer's English translation of *Boecius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, printed by Caxton, in the original binding, as issued from Caxton's workshop, and uncut!! On examining the amount of damage it had sustained, I found that the wet, which had injured the book, had also, by separating the layers of paper of which the covers were composed, revealed the interesting fact that several fragments, on which Caxton's types appeared, had been used in their manufacture. After vexatious opposition and repeated delays the Acting Trustees were induced to allow the book, which they now prized highly, to be deposited in the care of Mr. J. Winter Jones, of the British Museum, for the purpose of rebinding. On dissecting the covers they were found to be composed entirely of waste sheets from Caxton's press, two or three being printed on one side only. The two covers yielded no less than fifty-six half-sheets of printed paper, proving the existence of three works from Caxton's press quite unknown before.

This story may be capped by a French one, contributed further on by M. Philartète Chasles, the conservator of the Mazarine Library, as to the discovery of a *Golden Legend* by Caxton in that collection :—

Il y a dix ans, faisant balayer une vieille armoire de la Bibliothèque Mazarine, dont je suis conservateur, j'y découvris par terre, sous des débris de vieux linge et du *rubbia*, un gros volume sans couverture, et sans aucun titre, que l'on avait mis là pour allumer le feu des bibliothécaires. Telle était, avant la révolution, la négligence avec laquelle les administrations littéraires étaient tenues, que ce volume-Pariah, ainsi mis aux Invalides depuis 60 ans, et qui avait sans doute fait partie des premières acquisitions de Mazarin, était un fort beau Caxton.

Mr. Bradshaw made another curious discovery in the Corpus Christi Library at Cambridge. The *Margarita Eloquentia* there preserved, bearing the colophon, "Compitatum autem fuit hoc opus in alma Universitate Cantabrigie, Anno Dni 1478," has been supposed to prove the existence of a printing-press at that very early date in Cambridge. A careful comparison, however, showed that this tract was printed from Caxton's second fount of type, and therefore at Westminster, between 1479 and 1480. The earliest wood-engravings by an English artist are supposed to be the illustrations of the *Chato*, of 1481. Mr. Blades gives us some particulars of the sale, or rather exchange for new books, of their *Caxtons* by the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, in the days of the Roxburgh bibliomania; and he duly execrates the memory of the Vandal Bagford, who left behind him sixty-seven folio volumes, now in the British Museum, filled with the title-pages, colophons, &c. of books which he had mutilated. The whole class of "collectors" deserves the pillory. On the other hand, one John Ratcliffe, a chandler in Bermondsey, who bought black-letter books at so much per pound for wrapping up his parcels, was smitten with the love of them, and left no less than forty-eight *Caxtons* to be sold with his library at his death in 1776. At that time these treasures fetched only 236l. 5s. 6d. In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Blades has provided most excellent indices. From these we may learn how many *Caxtons* are known to exist, and in what libraries, and almost every other particular about them which it could enter into a bibliographical mind to desire.

#### JUVENALIS SATIRÆ XVI.\*

AS the title-page of this volume states that it is one of the series of Grammar School Classics edited by Mr. Long, and as the words "Expurgated Edition" appear in a bracket somewhat lower down in the same page, the question may present itself to such as are content with superficial examination of the supply and quantity of literary food, whether it would not be wiser to let alone an author whose writings are deemed to need expurgation, or, at all events, to withhold him from the hands of schoolboys. But a more earnest and deep consideration of this question is almost certain to result in the opposite conclusion. The reasons why a satirist such as Juvenal should still be studied in our refined times—studied too, by boys sufficiently advanced in a knowledge of Latin to be able to read him, and therefore of an age when ignorance of the matters treated of in his worst passages is, at best, likely to be of but short duration—are so much more numerous and weighty than those which can be urged against them, that we need not scruple to welcome the work of a scholar who sets himself to explain such an author's text, and train of thought. Nor need we pretend to a prudery which would proscribe a writer to whom virtue and honesty owe an unmistakeable debt. In the first place, Juvenal is wholesome reading for boys, because he is out-right and out-spoken. The general course of over-civilization is its inevitable fondness for introducing figures of speech to palliate and cover with a fair outside that which, in naked truth, is wrong and objectionable. The rule, in such times, is the very opposite to the honest habit of speech which "calls a spade a spade;" and the consequence generally is that the contrasts betwixt right and wrong, vice and virtue, are less sharply defined and less easily recognised, and that though, perhaps, the very extremes are seldom reached, the mass of men are to be found on the wrong side of the boundary-line. It is by books, and school-books too, that youth is led to think. Lessons of life are necessarily, at that period, theoretical rather than practical; and young minds are formed, perhaps, less by intercourse with their teachers, which is constrained by mutual reserve, than by the notions imbibed from their studies themselves, and from the contemplation, in the page of antiquity, of the old world's ways. Advisedly, then, we say that Juvenal's truthful pictures are no unmeet subject for their perusal. His very plainness of

\* *Juvenalis Satiræ XVI. With English Notes.* By Herman Prior, M.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 1862.

speech is such that no student can construe his language into aught save disapproval of the vices he so unsparingly dissects. It is not so with Horace, though it is the fashion of many to hold up the sunny, cheery Venesian, with his easy moral code. In his delineation of the weaknesses of his age it is impossible not to detect a dash of familiarity, nay, even of sympathy, with the follies which he playfully satirizes. Far different is the later satirist, though, of course, much of the difference is referable to the periods at which they respectively wrote. Putting that out of the question, however, all that he lashes he lashes with a thorough contempt, which those who read his energetic verses must insensibly imbibe, and thereby be in a fairer way to become imbued with hearty disdain of vice than if they took as a Mentor so conventional, so easy-conscienced a satirist as the man of the world, Horace. True, Juvenal's sweeping exposure of corruption and depravity unveils scenes which elders must sigh to think of young people looking upon, even in books, for the first time; but, on the other hand, if to contemplate the worst vices in the page of honest satire is the same thing as learning to regard them with distaste and disgust, the withdrawal of the curtain is not really to be deprecated. And though, in the daily reproduction of many crimes satirized by the Roman author, we seem constrained to admit that

Nihil est ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat  
Posteritas,

it is no unreal or shadowy consolation that Christianity has somewhat diminished the sum of human wickedness; and that, even as regards the forms and phases of it, there were sins common in the days of Domitian and Hadrian which later generations neither commit nor contemplate. Hence there can be no harm in placing Juvenal in the hands of boys which is not neutralized by compensatory good, if manly, outspoken truth, fearless rebuke of vice, and tenacity of honest purpose in the very teeth of Imperial proscription, poison, and espionage, are features in his pages quite as memorable and striking as the grosser scenes which he portrays. Suppose, then, that Juvenal receives its "imprimatur" from the censors of boys' morals, and that consent is given to its admission—the next question is, "in what form?" Whole, or in parts? The editor of the volume before us makes no sign on this subject in his preface; but, in practice, he adopts to some extent the plan of Mr. Mayor's edition, published in 1853—namely, of omitting portions of satires where coarseness is more than usually abundant. In a translation we can conceive that the difficulty of deciding this question would be a little perplexing. It is all very well to recommend a translator to use "Parliamentary language." There are many passages in the classics which, notwithstanding, are better omitted wholly than translated freely or vaguely. But in the case of commentaries and texts of these authors, it is enough if, as Mr. Maclean has done in the Juvenal of the *Bibliotheca Classica*, the worst passages are printed entire, but passed over without note or comment. That editor shows wise discernment in his remark, that "those are exceptions on whom such passages as are usually expunged have an injurious effect. Wantonness is one thing, and the stern reproof of wantonness, in terms it best understands, is another; and few minds fail to see the difference." We may add that it is doubtful if the harm done even to this exceptional few is half so great as that arising from the perusal of writers whose licentiousness is disguised by polished phraseology, and who expend their skill in gilding over vice, to gain it a readier and more unwitting acceptance. It were needless to name modern poets who seldom transgress the bounds of morality in word, but whose writings teem with sentiments calculated to efface them in deed.

These remarks are called forth by the sole feature in Mr. Prior's edition with which we are unable to express our agreement. Even here he does not, as some editors, draw attention to the subject by parading his reasons for an expurgated text. It is surely unscholar-like to mangle an author's text; but this is, after all, a matter of taste; and, the protest having been uttered, it is pleasant to go on to an examination of those features in the new edition of Juvenal which constitute its fair title to become a useful classical work. Among these is the judicious absence of irrelevant matter, and the discreet check which the annotator has put upon discursive propensities—if, indeed, he is not a *rara avis* among editors of Juvenal in being born without these. In later editions it is a serious business to select the valuable matter of a commentator, so interlarded and overdone is it with a *farrago* of extraneous small-talk. Mr. Mayor, indeed, exhibits a strange phase of this *cacoethes annotandi*, in that he fills up three-quarters of every page, not indeed with English notes, but with quotations from a host of post-Augustan authors whom he wishes to "rescue from undeserved contempt." These quotations sometimes illustrate the text, but more often draw away the reader's mind into mazes of philosophy, or introduce it to the disquisitions of ecclesiastical writers. Mr. Maclean writes long English notes into which one is obliged to dive, haphazard, for fragments that may possibly bear upon the lines under annotation. If good luck befriend, one occasionally misses the discursive matter, and the abuse or contemptuous depreciation of Mayor (an unquestionably good scholar) or Achaintre, and hits upon some sentences that really throw a light upon the subject. But this is not what a reader of Juvenal wants. He should be enabled, by notes brief and to the point, to run along the ground of his author at that author's dashing pace. If he has leisure to tarry and draw bridle, it may well be to

make his own reflections, for instance, how in every age vices and follies repeat themselves, both in history and in society. It is better that a note should content itself with expediting the sense, and then stop. One has space in that case for the consideration of parallels. A short instead of a long note at Sat. i. 24-5, about the Barber-favourite who eclipsed all the patricians in wealth and power, gives us all the information that is needed, and allows us time to think of Oliver Dain, the barber and minister of Louis XI., with whom Quentin Durward, and the Anglicized play which Mr. Charles Kean has rendered so popular, make us so familiar. It is more worth while, than to be doomed to peruse long notes, to be led to compare the *Mattho* of Juvenal (i. 32) with some Sergeant "Buz-Fuz" in our own time—the *magni delator amici* (i. 33) with Titus Oates and similar miscreants—the

Signator, falso qui se lantum atque beatum  
Exiguus tabulis et gemmâ fecerat udâ,

with the recent "moral paradox," Mr. Roupell. Or again, one may compare the Arturius and Catulus of Sat. iii. 29-33, with the enormous contractors for any and every undertaking in our own age—and the "Arturus" of the same satire, who was shrewdly suspected of burning his house that his friends might in pity build him a better, with the tradesmen, father and son, in a university town, who were convicted not twenty years ago of burning their premises to cheat the insurance office. Indeed, if uncumbered by long and distracting notes, readers will have leisure to find that street-rows and garotte-robberies are nothing new—that, as in the narrow streets of modern capitals, so in Imperial Rome it was wise to look out for your head, as you walked along the pavement—and that there and then, as now-a-days in England, you were liable to be asked an alms by a land-lubber counterfeiting a shipwrecked mariner, and provoking your charity by a picture of his disaster hung about his neck. (Sat. xiv. 302, xii. 27.) These parallels, and others recalled at the moment, give a zest to the poet's lifelike descriptions, if the reader is not dulled by wading through wearisome commentaries. One of Mr. Prior's strongest claims to our approval is the brevity and the practical character of his annotations. He is singularly at home in compressing, without marring or rendering obscure, the needful information about Roman offices, moneys, computations of time, and manners and customs generally. And in the pointedness and independence of such information as he gives, he contrasts favourably with the more recent editors; whilst in giving neat and happy rendering of phrases and sentences he is rarely, if ever, at fault.

This leads us to notice another point redounding to Mr. Prior's credit as a scholar. He generally prefers retaining and explaining the text of the majority of old MSS. to adopting the new readings which are the result of modern ingenuity, and which often indicate as much obtuseness of comprehension, in reference to the old text, as far-fetched subtlety in regard to the new. A curious case of this occurs in Sat. xiv. 115, where the old MSS. read:—

Adde quod hunc, de  
Quo loquor egregium populus putat atque verendum  
Artificem, quippe his crescent patrimonial fabris.

This Mr. Prior does well to retain in its integrity. But Maclean and Mayor read, with most modern editors, "acquirendi" instead of "atque verendum;" and this Mr. Mayor does not justify by any reason, whilst Mr. Maclean tries to bolster up the new reading by saying that "artificem" requires a genitive after it. But this is not the case. It is quite as often used absolutely as not; and here, the last clause, "quippe his crescent patrimonial fabris," seems distinctly to obviate the need of any such genitive as "acquirendi;" just as if we read "acquirendi," this clause is *de trop.* "The man," says Juvenal, "is reputed an eminent and marvellous artificer; I say artificer, for it is by such workmen as he, that patrimonies are built up." Besides, the occurrence of "acquirendi" some six lines lower down is fatal to its assumption here. Several like instances, such as v. 131, and v. 208 of the same satire, might be quoted to show how Mr. Prior generally maintains the old reading—in the one instance reading "æstivam" for "æstivi" which Hermann and Jahn had devised; in the other "poscentibus assem" for "repentibus asse," a later and less likely reading. In each case he has good justification for the course he takes; and he seems to have rightly judged that it is more the part of good scholarship to render the old readings clear and intelligible than to resort to guess-work, and to substitute what Juvenal might have written for what there is a reasonable probability that he did write.

If anything else demands notice in this useful edition, it is the absence of references, here and there, to such grammars as Madrig or Key for help to difficult constructions. Perhaps these are omitted on the same principle as "verbal explanations that might be obtained from the Dictionary," lest the book should become too much of a "crib." Still, a little help in this direction might well have formed a part of the work, which, on the whole, for its size and purpose, is a remarkably sound and valuable work of modern scholarship. The independence which characterizes it throughout is a very creditable and rare feature in it, and none the less so because, while it belongs to a series which is in close connexion with the *Bibliotheca Classica*, and stands in regard to that series as the ship's boats do to the ship itself, Mr. Prior steers clear of the errors of the Juvenal of the larger series, and though here and there making useful additions from it, has in the main preserved a course unimpeded by servile following of that or other editors.



## NORTH YORKSHIRE.\*

BEFORE the great world separates for the vacation, some to lionize all the four quarters of the globe, and the rest for Cowes, the moors, or Scarborough, we wish to commend to this latter portion the beauties of North Yorkshire. They are almost as unknown as the interior of China, or the sources of the Nile, and yet there is hardly a part of any country which has so much to show as North Yorkshire and its neighbouring Craven. Very few people know more than can be seen by a few drives round Scarborough and Whitby, and, perhaps, a passing glance at the Castle Howard Picture Gallery. We also gladly take for our text the excellent contribution to the history of its physical geography, climate, and geology, which we have placed at the head of this paper. It is the work of a gentleman already favourably known as one of the continuators of the Yorkshire flora. In common with many of the North Yorkshire and Durham people, he is a Quaker (as we gather from his dating his book "3mo. 1, 1863"), and, besides being one of that painstaking and reliable race, he is evidently a person to whom his work has been thoroughly a labour of love. He has gone over the whole district repeatedly from end to end; and the result is an entirely trustworthy account of the chief features of the Riding. We only regret that archaeology is not one of Mr. Baker's studies, and that, while he has given us a full and exhaustive work on the matters of which it treats, the author still leaves us to the ordinary guide-books for information on a subject in which North Yorkshire and its neighbourhood are perhaps richer than any other district in England, while many of its chief points of interest remain as yet almost unknown. He has also given some well-drawn and entirely accurate maps. The first is one of the watersheds and valleys, or, as he prosaically calls them, drainage districts—the valleys of the Derwent, the Esk, the Tees, the Swale, the Ure; and those which (we suppose for system's sake) he calls the districts of the Nidd and Wharfe, the Ouse and Foss, though, in fact, these latter are but subdivisions of the wide plain of York. The next is a geological map, following the strata, philosophically downwards, but locally upwards, from the Kimmeridge clay that covers the vale of Pickering down to the sea at Filey, to the mountain limestone and basalt of the upper Tees and the Westmoreland Fells. Then follows one of the zones of altitude and climate; and a lithological map closes the series.

If every county in England were illustrated with the same apparatus, and with as much care in its preparation and exactness in working out the details, we can hardly imagine a work at once more laborious and more valuable. Let us add—and it is no slight credit, either to Messrs. Longman's compositors or to the author's diligent correction of the press—that we have only detected one misprint throughout the volume, except a peculiarity in the use of notes of admiration after proper names in the botanical section, which can hardly be unintentional, and which occasionally leads to some queer reading. The nomenclature of plants and their botanical god-parents—*Anacalypta Starkeyana*, *Ulmus montana Smithiana*, &c.—is at all times sufficiently absurd. It is needless to perplex our imagination with the recondite glories implied in *Rubus tuberculatus* Bab. or *Hieracium cæsius* Fries, *Backh. Monogr.*! But this is a minor matter.

In the geological part of his work, the author has followed, and almost epitomized, Professor Phillips's *Geology of Yorkshire*, and his more recent work on its *Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-Coasts*, with the advantage of the Professor's own correction and supervision. It may therefore be taken as a complete handbook on the subject. The botanical part, which occupies almost half the book, is wholly his own, except in so far as he has been aided by the researches of what must be nearly all the botanists in the Riding. This particular study flourishes much in those parts, as it may be expected to do in a district which varies in altitude from the sea-shore to the top of Mickle-fell, 2,580 feet above the sea, extends over 2,112 square miles—88 miles from west to east, and 53 from north to south (the Riding being by itself, though it is almost a bull to say so, the largest county in England next to Devon, Lincoln, and Norfolk), and the flora of which comprehends 872 species—three fourths of all that are to be found in England—besides some 60 belonging more properly to colder climates. In the preparation of the present work, the author must have tried the advantages of wet feet in every variety of what his countrymen call "muck," and the result is by far the most exhaustive catalogue that has been attempted for this or almost any other district. To the botanical tourist, its accurate identification of habitats will be invaluable.

The chapter on Climatology is, in many respects, curious. It shows what we had always suspected—that the north is not relatively so cold, except in exposed situations, nor the south so warm, except in peculiarly sheltered ones, as people in general imagine. The following table is curious:—

Locality.	Maximum Heat, July 1858.	Minimum, Dec. 25-26, 1860.
Helston . . . . .	90	32
Ventnor . . . . .	79	24
Scarborough . . . . .	77.4	16
Greenwich . . . . .	73	8
Nottingham . . . . .	59.5	8

\* North Yorkshire: *Studies of its Botany, Geology, Climate, and Physical Geography*. By J. G. Baker. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

The mean winter temperature of Scarborough is within a small fraction of that of Paris, and considerably higher than those of Vienna, Geneva, and Milan; and we believe that, had the author obtained returns from Whitby, he would have found still more favourable results for that district. It is amusing also to learn, by the way, that the winter temperature of Edinburgh is as much warmer than that of Greenwich as it is colder than that of Exeter. As a guide to invalids, we believe that mere latitude (short of those of Madeira and Southern Italy) proves almost nothing; and that everything depends upon the accident of the immediate neighbourhood being sheltered or exposed, and especially upon the nature of the soil. The accident of a long landslip along the coast at St. Leonard's, with the warm sandstone under foot, makes it perhaps the best residence in England for invalids; but the clay uplands within a mile or two are as raw and cold as any part of the Yorkshire moors.

But the geological, botanical, and other excellences of North Yorkshire are neither its chief beauties, nor those which commend it to the large number of those—few at best—who do not confine their travels through their own country to a journey by railway, and to the half-dozen well-worn excursions round favourite watering-places. Even for these this district has Scarborough, with its rather imaginary "Bay of Naples," its Forge-valley drive, its almost unequalled Hackness, and its splendid gallops over the fine springy sands of Filey; then, twenty miles farther on, there is Whitby, with Mulgrave hard by, and the alum-works, and lovely Eskdale. But any one who wishes really to see what England—and especially what Yorkshire—has to show, should take one or two journeys which are almost as untrodden to the majority of English sight-seers as the Pampas or the Caucasus. Even York itself, the most historic of our cities, is generally "done" by a hasty hour spent in the Minster, and a passing anathema on the grotesque barbarism with which Hudson, in the days of his royalty, bored a passage for his favourite railway under the city walls. Almost every old church in the place—and there are dozens of them, the slashing handiwork of the restorer being less visible in York than almost anywhere else—has some bit of real antiquity to show. There is some very curious old glass at All Saints', Northgate; a porch, believed to be amongst the oldest in England, at St. Margaret's; a lately disinterred crypt of great excellence at St. Leonard's; and above all, the beautiful abbey of St. Mary on the Manor shore. Then, there should be a week spent in the neighbourhood of Hovingham, approached now by the Malton and Thirsk railway. Here almost every village has its ruined castle or religious house. From the ridge of hills near Terrington—where Mr. Garforth's gardens alone, if they still are what they were a few years ago, are worth a day's journey—such a panorama of ruins may be surveyed as can hardly be met with anywhere, save in the Campagna; and the Yorkshire view is happily distinguished from this latter by being set among meadows of the richest fertility, and cornfields where six quarters of wheat to the acre are a common crop, and where the labourers receive their 14s. and 15s. a week. Then, a little farther north are Rievaulx and Byland Abbeys—the former perhaps the gem of England in its kind; Helmsley and Gilling Castles—the latter still the abode of its ancestral Fairfaxes, and scarcely inferior in interest to Chirk or Warwick; and, for those who wish to see some of the finest pictures in the country, Duncombe Park and Castle Howard. We say nothing about the architectural merits of these last, save that they are built in unexceptionable Palmerstonian. All these, with the manifold beauties of Hovingham itself, are very well worth a week. Then Richmond, with Teesdale and Swaledale, especially the upper part of this latter, deserve careful attention, alike from geological explorers and lovers of fine scenery. For Wensleydale or Yoredale, with its Bolton and other ruins, every one acquires some sort of distant veneration every year at the Water-Colour Exhibitions. It is hardly necessary to add that it was among these mountains and valleys that Turner formed in his mind the typical scenery of which all other lands only presented new copies, varying in combination, but the same in essence. His Alpine and Italian pictures are, as Ruskin says, only modifications of the old types of Rokeby and Bolton. All this district, with its southern (and better-known) neighbour, Craven, is as well worth a summer's ramble as any part of England, and much better worth one than almost any of the well-trodden fields of vacation travel. Even the moors, the apparently desolate country that lies between Scarborough, Pickering, and Whitby, have many points of interest, and many unexplored beauties. For the few who care for such things there are said to be more British remains still traceable in this district than can be found elsewhere. The quaint little village of Robin Hood's Bay, with its stone stairs for a street, where everybody's nearest way to his next-door neighbour is manifestly down the chimney, gives one as lively a notion of the conveniences of primeval life as can readily be acquired; and the forgotten little crypt of Lastingham Church, in the very midst of the moors, is said to have been once the chapel of St. Chad, the patron saint of Mercia, and (if it still remains as it was some ten or twelve years ago) gives every sign of having remained untouched for any number of centuries.

We have said nothing of the ecclesiology of the Riding. A district which includes York Minster, St. Mary's Abbey, Rievaulx, Bolton, Byland, and Whitby, and in its immediate neighbourhood Ripon, Fountains, and Kirkstall, may safely be left to speak for itself to the ecclesiastical pilgrim. We only regret that, with the exception of cumbrous and sometimes almost forgotten books, like the *Historia Rievallensis*, the ecclesiologist must be content with Young's *History of Whitby*, the *History of Craven*, and the like,

or be his own pioneer through a district in which much remains to be discovered. To the more general traveller, and especially to the botanical rambler, Mr. Baker's book will be a very valuable assistance. We take leave of him with very much respect for his diligence and accuracy.

#### GUDRUN.\*

THE lady by whom this tale has been translated from the German informs us in her preface that the Gudrunlied is supposed to have received a definite shape as early as the middle of the tenth century. It certainly existed as a poem in the mediæval German dialect during the first half of the thirteenth century, and of this poem one copy has come down to us—a copy written for Maximilian I. in the year 1517, and preserved in the Castle of Ambras, in the Tyrol. The date of this MS. is so recent that there can be no doubt that the poem underwent considerable modifications before it received its present form, and many German critics have applied to its pages the same conjectural process of emendation with which the Greek and Latin classics have been examined by them. Thus, Müllenhof has expunged every line of the seventeen hundred verses which constitute this poem, except four hundred and fifteen, which he estimates as genuine. Another critic, following the same method, is more merciful, and leaves us about two hundred verses more, in which he finds no sign of interpolation or addition. A different school of critics, allowing that in the course of ages this epic must have received alterations and additions, yet esteeming the general framework of the poem to be as old as the thirteenth century, do not endeavour to discriminate the original matter from subsequent modifications of the same, but are content to receive it as it is, and have translated it into modern German hexameters and ballad metres. Mrs. Letherbrow, following their method, and in some degree making use of their labours, has presented to English readers the old Danish legend of *Gudrun* in simple and spirited prose. She does not seem to have followed one version more than another, or to have heeded the analytical criticism of Müllenhof and his brethren; but she has confined herself to the production of "a free prose version, which, while it remained faithful to the spirit of the poem, might suit the taste of modern readers." We think that her attempt has been successful. Knowing the great antiquity of this poem, and the many perils which, in common with all the old German poetry, it has run, we are struck with the artistic unity which it presents. Though occasionally certain sentiments not wholly in harmony with the general tenor of the work are introduced, and though one episode at least may seem to break the epical unity of its development, still admiration and wonder must remain for the close working of the plot, the sustained individuality of the characters, and the vigour of the conclusion. In this respect a strong contrast might be drawn between the Gudrunlied and the chivalrous romances of Amadis and Arthur. Though these are of a later date and belong to a more cultivated society, they do not by any means present so great a feeling for artistic unity. Not only are their characters more numerous and less defined, but the plot of their stories, if plot it can be called, is languidly developed, encumbered with a thousand adventitious elements and useless incidents, and brought to no distinct catastrophe; whereas, in the poem of *Gudrun*, we are introduced to some twenty characters at most, all of them clearly defined and dramatically displayed, by whom a simple plot is rigorously enacted, till it ends in a complex and tragical conclusion wherein all the *dramatis persone* are assembled, old debts are paid, and long-merited rewards of love, and constancy, and truth are at last conferred. It cannot for a moment be maintained that the Gudrunlied possesses the same imaginative fascination as the legends of romantic Uther's Son; it is not so rich in poetical details, in sensuous imagery, or in pictures for the modern artist. Nor, indeed, can we assign it the first place among its fellows. The stern simple beauty for which we yield it admiration is far more sublimely wrought out in the *Nibelungenlied*; and had not the intemperate zeal of early Christian monks destroyed all traces of the heathen German poetry, we might have found her older sisters of the epic far more noble than this semi-Christian song of gentle Gudrun.

After comparing the Gudrunlied with the later romantic legends, it might not be out of place to contrast it with the epics of Greece. In both we find a remarkable unity of design and severity of execution, but the Northern poem lacks the sense of beauty almost altogether. It is strong and simple. The virtues which it extols are honesty, fidelity, and courage. There are no subtle and delicate creations like *Iris*, or *Circe*, or *Calypso*—no pathetic touches like the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. Stories of wars and perils on the ocean, told around the campfire at night, alone relieve the plain unadorned development of the plot. And when the reader's heart is touched, it is not by melodious complaints or exquisite delineations of pathetic sorrow, but by the mute eloquence of some sad circumstance which involves the hero or the heroine of the story in woes of which we cannot yet foresee the termination. Such a position is the slavery of unrepining Gudrun, who served a harsh mistress in the foeman's land for thirteen long years, because she kept her plighted troth to Herwig, and would not wed the son of him who slew her father. Such

again is the burial of the old King Hetel, who was slain by his Norman enemies upon the desolate shores of Wulpensand; and all his people hewed him a tomb in the barren rock by the bleak sea-beach, and placed a stone upon his grave, and sang the coronach, and left him there with the winds and waves to wail his dirges.

The legend opens with a consultation between Hetel, King of the Hegelings, and his wife, Queen Hilda, about the marriage of their daughter Gudrun. Thus, at the very commencement of the chronicle, we are introduced to its heroine, and hear her manifold praises sung, and are prepared for her actual appearance on the stage. Hetel was proud of his wealth and of her beauty, and judged her no mean bride for an Emperor. Therefore, he and his wife, in their castle of Matalan, decided to refuse all but the highest offers for her hand. This arrogance proved the source of all the woes which fell upon the nation of the Hegelings; for soon came Siegfried, King of Moorland, as a suitor, whom Hetel taunted and dismissed; and after him came ambassadors from Ludwig, the Norman, on behalf of his son Hartmut, and these also Hetel rejected with scorn, whereat they were wroth, and swore eternal vengeance on the proud monarch. After them came Herwig, King of Zetland, who in like manner was repulsed, because his land seemed poor and barren. But Herwig returned, no longer with the embassy of fair speeches, but with sword and spear, and warred on Matalan, and forced Hetel to promise him his daughter's hand. Siegfried, when he heard of this, invaded Herwig's land, and the Hegelings went up to Herwig's rescue, and warred against him long. It was in this expedition that Horand, the sweet singer, told the tale of Hetel's wooing, when he bore off the fair Hilda from the Irish Court, against her father's will, by the aid of his brave knights, Wat, Frut, Irolt, and Horand. This tale is peculiarly interesting, because it breaks the monotony of the Gudrunlied without disturbing the unity of the actors. Those very knights who are camping round the fire with Herwig were the knights who won the lady Hilda for King Hetel on the Irish strand, who fought a deadly fight for her at Waleis, and in the end brought her home victoriously to be the mother of Gudrun, for whom their swords are now once more unsheathed. But meantime, the Normans have attacked Matalan, left undefended of its heroes, and carried off Gudrun, to punish Hetel's insolence, and gain for Prince Hartmut the fairest bride. When the Hegelings hear this, they make a peace with Siegfried, and hurry after the Normans, whom they overtake upon the Wulpensand. There a deadly battle is fought. Hetel dies, the Hegelings are exhausted, the Normans fly safely with their prize, and Gudrun is left a captive in the hands of Gerlinta, Ludwig's cruel queen. Thirteen years she languished there and suffered bondage. Gerlinta daily strove to make her break her vow and marry Hartmut. But Gudrun was firm, though her beauty waned and her strength gave way beneath the cruel usage of Gerlinta, and the menial offices her tyrants forced upon her. Thirteen years Hilda sorrowed in Matalan, but the land of the Hegelings was exhausted, and no succour could be sent to Gudrun. At last an army was assembled. Herwig and Wat of Sturmland, and Ortwin, the brother of Gudrun, went forth at its head, and sailed in silence and with caution to the Norman land. When they arrived at the capital of Cassian, Herwig and Ortwin set out as spies to reconnoitre, and on the sea-beach they found stately maidens washing linen. The cold winter wind blew their hair and raiment, and their hands were hard with toil, but still the princes wondered at their noble carriage. They did not wonder long, for in one of the maidens the brother recognised his sister, and the lover his bride. Then was joy for Gudrun. Back she went to Cassian and rebelled against Gerlinta. And even as she taunted that proud queen, the war-cry and the trumpets of the Hegelings were heard; forth went the Norman chivalry, the women waiting on the walls. Herwig and Wat raged like Menelaus and Achilles at the city gates, Ludwig was slain, Cassian stormed, Gerlinta beheaded for her cruelty, and Gudrun carried back in peace and happiness to Matalan.

Let us stay a few moments to review in detail some of the actors of this simple story. Gudrun herself is a type of all the Northern virtues. When she has once sworn, she keeps her oath. She remembers that she is the daughter of a king, and suffers years of hopeless slavery rather than yield to her oppressors. Yet she is mild and gentle. When Wat of Sturmland will slay her cruel mistress, she pleads for Gerlinta's life, and afterwards she gains the freedom of Hartmut, who had been her pitiless lover. How highly the Northmen prized constancy may be seen from the fate of Hergart, one of Gudrun's women, who deserted her in her captivity, and married a Norman duke. For this Wat slew her with Gerlinta; whereas Hiltburga, who clave to Gudrun in her misery, was rewarded with a princely marriage. Wat of Sturmland is the type of an old Viking. His only virtues are leonine indomitable courage, and devotion to his lord. Love and domestic happiness he scorns, and cares only for the battle. The old chronicler says with pride that the very dogs in the Court could tell that Wat was a hero of renown. If Wat be a man of deeds, Frut is a man of words and devices. He reminds us of Nestor. He it was who made the Hegeling knights disguise themselves as merchants, and so steal the Lady Hilda. Horand, again, is essentially the bard. Strange it is to find in him a new and Northern Orpheus, for Wat tells us that when Horand sang, the cattle left their pastures, the beetles stayed their running in the grass, the fishes poised themselves upon the stream. The men who heard

\* *Gudrun. A Story of the North Sea. From the Mediæval German.* Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1863.



him forgot the church bells and the choir songs of the priests, and sat for hours, that seemed like minutes, listening to his lay. Horand himself was a visionary poet. He loved the stars and silent places better than the din of battle or the revels of the hall. Yet he was a good knight, with a strong arm and a stout heart. Much mystery is thrown around a certain *Lay of Amitee*, which Horand is supposed to have learned from a mermaid, and which was so full of glamour that it charmed young Hilda from her father's home. We seem to see in him and in his song the old Pagan poetry at variance with new Christian ideas. Art is always early entangled with the romance of national religion, and a change of faith must destroy or modify the forms of beauty which are connected with the faith that has to be supplanted. Therefore the Christian missionaries in Germany endeavoured to weed out all old popular legends, and therefore around the character of Horand and his mystic songs there hangs a strange melancholy. It is curious to observe how a vein of Christian sentiment and superstition runs through the Pagan feeling of this poem. Appeals are made to Christ and to the new laws of mercy and forgiveness connected with his name. We constantly hear of Christian festivals, of churches and priests, of chapels, and masses for the dead. The great defeat of the Hegelings at Wulpsand is attributed to the fact that they had robbed some pilgrims of their ship, nor is the curse removed until the holy men have been sought out and indemnified tenfold. Yet the passions of the heroes are Pagan; revenge and deceit are counted honourable in war; their burial on the battlefield is after the manner of their fathers, and we feel that they yearn for Odin and Valhalla more than for the joys of heaven.

In so slight a sketch as we have attempted of the Gudrunlied, it is impossible to touch on half its points of interest. Many we must leave unhinted for the reader to discover; nor can we doubt that the pleasure he must derive from the tale itself will be greatly increased by the beautiful shape in which it is presented to him by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.—COMPOSERS AND ORCHESTRAS.\*

AN examination of the orchestral score of M. Gounod's *Faust*, now before us, confirms our opinion of his orchestral skill, at the same time that it renews our regret that perfect performances of orchestral works are almost impossible in England. Of the special characteristics of M. Gounod's method of treatment of his instruments, it is difficult to give any exact idea by mere description. His music, in the way of construction, is essentially modern, depending little upon the resources supplied by the fugue in all its forms, and consequently lacking that force of gradual development and climax without which music can never exert its fullest power. It may be regarded as the natural result of the influence of the school of Gluck, studied in the atmosphere created by Meyerbeer, and possessing much of that ingenuity and refinement of orchestral management which, combined with his astonishing gift of melody, place Gluck in the highest class of dramatic composers. M. Gounod is less fragmentary and fantastical than Meyerbeer, and, though inferior to him in brilliant and telling tune, has more power of carrying on and working out a melodic idea. If less forcible and animated, he possesses greater breadth of style; while a perfect refinement of taste, and a knowledge of the real, as distinguished from the forced, capabilities of every instrument, preserves him from the extravagances of the modern school, to which at the same time he unquestionably belongs. We have here none of the excesses of another living French writer, Hector Berlioz, who has also set *Faust*, as a dramatic poem, to music of great cleverness and skill, including a charming air to the "Song of the King of Thule," even more piquant and pretty than M. Gounod's. The amateur, by the way, who wishes to know of what the tremendously pictorial school of writers are capable, should make himself acquainted with M. Berlioz's *Requiem*, where he will find a stanza—the "Tuba mirum spargens sonum"—with an accompaniment of eighteen drums, tuned to almost every note in the chromatic scale. From all these trickeries M. Gounod's *Faust* is perfectly free. In fact, there is nothing more striking in his score than its good taste, refinement, and scholarly finish. His use of the harp, as an orchestral instrument, strikes us as peculiarly happy. Take, for instance, the syncopated accompaniment to what must be called the species of curse sung by Mephistopheles in the third act, "O nuit étends sur eux ton ombre." Nothing can be more elegant as a colouring to the melody, though it must be added that the melody indicates an utter misconception of the sentiment of the words. The music allotted to Mephistopheles is, in fact, the least happily conceived in the whole opera, and possesses as little of the demoniacal element as can well be imagined. In the expression of energy, fire, and overwhelming passion, in their many varieties, M. Gounod is not thoroughly at home. Where he is most lively, as in the popular Fanfan and Chorus of Soldiers, he is least original and interesting. In the part of Faust himself, the prevailing softness and tenderness of the music, lacking the vehemence and passionateness which are necessary to the full embodiment of the ideal reckless lover, may perhaps be excused, on a theory that

the tone of the music—its *jeûne*—is to be inspired by the sweet mind of its heroine; but in the case of the infernal tempter the same theory can scarcely be pleaded. This power of vigorous and warm-blooded expression of absorbing passion is still wanting to M. Gounod. Cultivation and study, united to a high degree of natural intelligence and healthy feeling, have developed in him a hidden gift of melody, and a clear sense of beauty and proportion; and they will do still more. The very success which *Faust* has attained, so unlike the mere *succès d'estime* which was for a long time the composer's only reward, will tend to invigorate the ideas of one who is already too accomplished as a musician to be unaware both of his own merits and deficiencies. If we might venture to prescribe for him, we should suggest a renewed study, not only of the more impassioned songs of Gluck, but of the writings of those unrivalled masters of all that is strong and manly in music, Sebastian Bach and Handel. His feeling for melody is still, even in his best passages, slightly wanting in grasp. There is a tentativeness, for instance, in *Faust's* charming cavatina, "Salve, dimora casta e pura," which shows that the springs of tune lie deep in the composer's mind, and will not flow till brought to light by persevering labour, though their quality is pure and their lustre bright. The adagio in the duet in the Garden Scene, exquisite and touching as it is, and perfect as a work of art, is nevertheless so short that it cannot be taken as a proof that the fountain of melody yet bursts forth with that spontaneous fulness and irrepressible force which every composer ought to desire to feel within himself.

This whole Garden Scene supplies many passages which most forcibly recall the shortcomings of average English orchestral playing. Those shortcomings consist, above all other matters, in a want of delicacy, refinement and expressive finish. Our London bands are remarkable for their completeness, their energy, their intelligence in quickly seizing the general outlines of a new work, and for a certain sort of good honest animation and brilliancy. But it is absurd to conceal or gloss over the fact that they are lamentably deficient in those final graces without which no performance can be thoroughly satisfactory, and no real justice can be done to orchestral details so fully and at the same time so delicately coloured as those of M. Gounod. To return to the adagio just named for an illustration, commencing with the words, "Notte d'amor, tutta splendor." This lovely movement is led up to by about a dozen bars in which the composer has displayed his especial skill in the use of the harp, in combination with flutes, hautboys, bassoons, horns and the strings; the strings and the wind at last falling away, so to say, into an ascending and a descending scale, in a key far removed from that of the opening phrase, absolutely requiring a distinctly marked *crescendo*, and yet terminating in a prolonged chord, so soft and equally sustained, notwithstanding the sudden entrance of trumpets, trombones, and drums, as to allow the harp arpeggios, which have been continued unbroken, to be heard clear throughout the whole volume of sound. Thus we have, to take the Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre orchestras, about eighty instruments playing against two harps. Yet if those harps are not well heard in their every note, the composer's meaning is lost, the sentiment of the passage is unfelt, and the result is like a picture without atmosphere. Then follows the adagio, the gem of the opera, in which M. Gounod has given a voice to ecstatic emotion, uttering itself with all the intensity of unconscious self-suppression. It is not exaggeration to say that this portion of the duet is worthy of Mozart or Beethoven in their happiest and tenderest moments; but if the accompaniment is played one shade too loud, or unevenly, or with the slightest attempt to force a distinctly audible sound from the "muted" strings, the whole is irreparably destroyed.

It is an invidious but a necessary question to ask, how often, and in what orchestras, the minute delicacies of passages like these are conscientiously attended to, or even understood and felt, by every player in the whole band. With the exception of the picked players on each instrument, it is notorious that in our best orchestras the performers rarely, if ever, do their duty as faithful, modest, and sympathizing interpreters of the highest order of composition. They go through their work, when it is new, with a sort of rough dash and painstaking vigour; and their foolish eulogists remind them how Meyerbeer expressed his surprise at the quick intelligence of English bands in reading music at first sight, while they conceal the censure of foreign critics, who declare that, though they begin better than the great Continental orchestras, they never make a subsequent progress in proportion to their energetic start. In fact, the majority of our orchestras consists of men who scrape and blow at so many shillings per hour; and when they have scraped and blown the settled quantity, and got their pay, they are satisfied. They have little love or feeling for music, as such—as a tailor has no ardent passion for trousers in the abstract, and a grocer can feel no sentiment for sugar. They call themselves "artists," but they are mechanics, and the result is just what might be looked for.

In theatrical orchestras, the intolerable loudness of the playing is, moreover, fostered by the peculiar position of the conductor, which prevents him from hearing the faults of his staff. Placed necessarily in the front rank, the bulk of the players, including the worst of them, are behind his back, so that he hears them far less distinctly than would be the case were they before him. At the same time, the singers on the stage are immediately before his face, and every note they sing reaches his ears with far greater loudness than it reaches the audience. Hence it is, that of all

\* *Faust*. Opera in Cinq Actes. Musique de Ch. Gounod. Partition, Grand Orchestre. Paris: Choudens. London: Chappell. 1863.

singers, both in Italian and English opera, none but those gifted with penetrating voices escape the penalty of being frequently rendered inaudible to the audience—a result the more certain from the heavy scoring which is now so much the fashion with composers, being an easy way of concealing their poverty of ideas and their feebleness in construction. What chance, indeed, has any singer of being fairly heard, when he or she has to sing against sixty-four stringed instruments (as in the Covent Garden orchestra), to say nothing of wood and brass, unless every player exerts his utmost care not to overpower the struggling vocalist? It may be laid down as a golden rule for the members of these large orchestras that, in accompanying solo singing, each player should barely be able to hear the sound of his own instrument, except in the louder passages, while even in these anything like a real *forte* is destruction to the singer. No doubt such playing as we ask for is not easy. It is not to be expected from men who merely blow and scrape so much music for so much pay. Our only chance of a general improvement lies in a general elevation of the artistic spirit in the bulk of the musical profession, accompanied by a cessation of the conventional and expected puffery which unfortunately so often takes the place of honest but kindly criticism in our newspaper-ridden country. Every singer and player who is worthy the name, though he may be irritated by abuse, soon learns to see through undeserved adulation, and in his heart and judgment he desires neither of the two. He wants genial, honest, and charitable criticism—that criticism which appreciates small merits as small, and great merits as great—which blames with intelligence and with a real knowledge of the facts of the case—and which, above all things, takes care that both blame and praise shall be apportioned to those who rightly deserve them. In the present condition of the musical profession, perhaps more than in any other, the old proverb is applicable, that “one man may steal a horse while another may not look in at the stable door.”

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## NOTICE.

*The publication of the “SATURDAY REVIEW” takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—EXTRA GRAND CONCERT, Wednesday, July 29, 1863.**—The Directors have the pleasure to announce that, encouraged by the success of the Eight Grand Concerts already given, they have made arrangements for a final one on Wednesday, July 29.

For this Concert they have the gratification to state that Mr. Gye has consented that the following eminent Artists shall appear.—Mlle. Adeline Patti (her first and only appearance this season), Madame Misan Carvalho, Signor Tamburini, Signor Graziani, Herr Farnes, and Signor Mario.

Conductor, Mr. MANNS.

This Concert will take place in the Centre Transept, on the front of the Great Orchestra. Reserved Seats (Half-a-Crown each) will be arranged in blocks, as at the Handel Festivals, and, with Admission Tickets, are now on sale.

Admission.—By Sea on Ticket; by Ticket purchased before the day of the Concert, Half-a-Crown; by payment on the day, Five Shillings.

Notes.—The demand for Reserved Seats at the Concerts this season has been so far beyond the possible supply that the Directors can only reiterate that those who desire to procure Stalls for this specially attractive Concert should apply for them without delay at the Crystal Palace, 2 Exeter Hall, and the usual Agents.

## THE LAST FEW DAYS.

**INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS,** founded in 1832 as the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours. THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s. Gallery, 33 Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

**MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE, “THE ICEBERGS.”** Painted from Studies made in the Northern Seas in the Summer of 1859.—German Gallery, 168 New Bond Street, W. Admission, 1s.

**CRYSTAL PALACE ART UNION.—DRAWING for PRIZES, THURSDAY, the 30th instant.**

A PHOTOGRAPH of the newly-selected BUST of His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, taken from Life by Mr. Marshall Wood, forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope. I. WILKINSON, Secretary.

**ART-UNION OF LONDON.**—The List of Subscriptions for the purpose of Presenting a TESTIMONIAL to the Honorary Secretaries, Messrs. GODWIN and POOCK, in recognition of their valuable services, will shortly close; and those who are disposed to co-operate in this tribute are invited to forward their Contributions to the Office of the Society, 441 West Strand.

July 20, 1863.

T. L. DONALDSON, Chairman of the Committee.

**ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Dr. WAITZ'S ANTHROPOLOGIE der NATURVÖLKER will be ready for delivery to the Fellows in a few weeks. All gentlemen joining at the present time will receive the whole of the Publications for the year. There are a few vacancies on the list of Foundation Members.

A Prospectus and further particulars will be forwarded on application to

C. CARTER BLAKE, F.G.S. FREDERICK COLLINGWOOD, F.G.S. Honorary Secretaries.

4 St. Martin's Place, W.C.

**EXETER THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.**—Visitor—the Lord Bishop of Exeter. Council—The Dean and Chapter of Exeter. Principal—The Rev. E. HAROLD BROWN, B.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; Canon of Exeter. Vice-Principal—The Rev. R. C. PARSON, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; and the Rev. T. W. HANBY, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. The College is designed for Graduates of the Universities who desire to prepare themselves for Holy Orders. For further information apply to the Rev. the Principal, Exeter. The next Term will commence on Saturday, September 21.

**SERVIA v. TURKEY.**—To the British Public.—The Correspondent of the Times brings before the British public a serious charge against the Serbian Government, of endeavouring to exasperate and provoke the Turks to attack Servia, although “they (the Servians) are aware that a powerful army placed by the Turks on the frontier for the purposes of self-protection, and not of aggression, might at any moment invade their territory, and inflict a terrible blow upon them.” The correspondent also cites the testimony of “an intelligent English officer,” whom he represents as being prevented by the official class from investigating the real state of the country, but who was “determined to rid himself of the surveillance that dogged his movements,” and who states that he found “the whole population more opposed to the revolutionary and encroaching policy of the Government than to the nominal protectorate of Turkey.” The correspondent likewise says, that the system has been adopted, by the Prince, of placing whole districts under martial law, under a pretext of putting down brigandage.

These charges, which a Servian was precluded from answering in the paper which publishes them to the world, are both false and absurd.

If the Servians are aware that a large Turkish army on the frontier is ready to inflict a terrible blow on them, it is surely contrary to all principles of human action that they should invite that blow. A similar charge was brought against the people of England by officers of the British Government, who pretended that the Servians, living with their families under the guns of a Turkish fortress, provoked and invited the bombardment.

The “intelligent English officer” is known to be no other than one sent by the British Government to determine the extent of the new Turkish fortifications in Belgrade, which Great Britain wishes to maintain in the midst of a European city two years after the catastrophe of Damascus! This officer, who is ignorant of the Servian language, was accompanied throughout the tour by an interpreter who is at once a paid employé of the British Consulate and of the Turkish Government. How, then, could he ascertain the real opinion of the Servians?

There are no districts in Servia under martial law. The circumstances that give colour to the charge are that, in three frontier provinces infested by Turkish and Servian brigands, the Servian Government, while maintaining the original courts of law, have made certain changes for the more summary execution of that law, and these changes, supported by the people, have worked the happiest results.

As to the charge against the Servians of arming themselves, we accept and glory in it. A large Turkish army is on our front; the soldiers are crying to be led on against a country that has not borne the rule of a Turkish Pasha for years—that is, therefore, ripe for sack and plunder. We Servians have our houses, our women, our children to protect; are we to disarm, and repose on the guarantee of Foreign Powers? Did that guarantee prevent a Turkish Pasha from raining shot and shell on our homes in Belgrade? or does the extension of that fortress mark even European disapprobation of the deed? Are we to follow the example of those Syrians who, three years ago, gave up their arms to their Turkish protectors, and then were delivered over to slaughter? Is this British advice? In the name of my countrymen I deny and repudiate all charges of aggression, but I declare that the Servians, in defence of their homes, will stand to their arms, or they will be spit upon by their women.

London, July 22, 1863.

E. MARKOVITCH.

**ARUNDEL SOCIETY.**—A New Class of Members, called “Associates,” unlimited in number, has been created. They pay no subscriptions, but give, on admission, a donation of not less than a Guinea to the “Copying Fund.” They have the right of purchasing Supernumerary and One-shilling Publications at reduced prices, with all other privileges of Membership, except the receipt of the Annual Publications. Vacancies among the Subscribers are filled up by seniority from the Associates.

34 Old Bond Street, W.

**ARUNDEL SOCIETY.**—Copies of the New Rules, passed at the Annual General Meeting, June 2, 1863, and Lists of Publications now on Sale, may be had by application to the Assistant Secretary, 34 Old Bond Street, London, W.

**ARUNDEL SOCIETY.**—Members and the Public are invited to inspect two important Water Colour Drawings by Signor Mananacci, lately received. Taken from the celebrated Frescoes by Raffaele in the Stanza of the Vatican, representing “Parisianus” and the “Delivery of St. Peter from Prison.”

**QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, Four Miles from Dunbridge Station, South-Western Railway, Hampshire.**—The Course of Instruction embraces Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Theoretic and Practical Chemistry, English Classics, Foreign Languages, Practical Surveying, Levelling, &c. Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing, and Music. The Principal is assisted by Ten resident Masters. The position of the Establishment is beautiful, and the advantages various and unusual. Attention is invited to the Prospectus, which may be had on application. The ensuing Quarter will commence on July 30.

**CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE, Junior Department.**—The separate Boarding House for Pupils of this Department is now open, under the Rev. T. MIDDLEMORE WHITTARD, M.A., Head Master.

**RAMSGATE.—CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE SCHOOL.** Established Sixty Years. There is an efficient staff of Masters, graduates of English and Foreign Universities. Youths are prepared for University and other Examinations, and for high class commercial pursuits. The domestic arrangements ensure health and comfort to the scholars. Terms moderate. The Principal, Rev. T. STANTIAL, M.A. Oxon, of whom further information may be obtained.

**THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL will REOPEN on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.**—Head Master: Rev. ALFRED WHITFIELD, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics in the late Royal Military College, Addiscombe.

**MANSION, LEATHERHEAD.**—This School, which is beautifully situated on the right bank of the river Mole, enjoys a high reputation among the Private Schools of the country for the success of its Pupils in various Public Examinations. The present Term closed July 24. The next Term will commence September 14. Prospectuses, References, Details of Success, &c., will be forwarded on application to the Principals.

**HIGHFIELD, OXTON HILL, CHESHIRE.**—The Establishment for Young Ladies conducted by the Misses ROSE reopens on the 1st of August. The house commands a fine view of the coast of North Wales and the Sea. The arrangements are made for the highest class of Education, combined with the comforts of a private family. For terms and references, address the Misses ROSE.

**MISS PALMER receives the YOUNGER SONS of GENTLEMEN** to Prepare (with the aid of Masters) for Public Schools. Health and domestic comforts in every way considered. Present Term ends July 22.—6, The Grove, Clapham Common.

**CHELTEMHAM.**—Preparation for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, the Line, Sandhurst, &c.—A Clergyman, with Educational Testimonials of the first order, and whose Pupils have been invariably successful, will have VACANCIES in August.—Address, Rev. A. B., Post Office, Cheltenham.

**A CLERGYMAN, late Fellow of his College, resident in one of the best parts of Surrey, receiving several Pupils to be prepared for the Universities, Woolwich, and the Line, having to read with two of them during the Summer Vacation, will be glad to hear of others to join him then.—Address, R. E., in King Street, Bloomsbury Square.**

**EDUCATION.—A Married M.A., Cantab., a Graduate in Mathematical Honours, is desirous of receiving, as PUPILS, Two Young Gentlemen, not under Fifteen years of age. He has no family, and resides in the West of Scotland, near the sea, but in a watering-place. The house is healthfully and beautifully situated, and fitted up with every comfort. The highest references can be given.—Address to A. M., care of Mr. Macintosh, Bookseller, Glasgow.**

**PRIVATE PUPILS.**—A Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, residing in a healthy village in Wiltshire, is willing to take charge of and Educate TWO BOYS under fourteen years of age. He would instruct them in Classics, Mathematics, French, and German. References to University Tutors and Professors, and Relatives of former Pupils. Address, Rev. Y. D. N., care of Mr. Pope, Church Street, Hackney, N.E.

**INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.**—A Military Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. At the India Civil Service Examination in 1862, four were successful out of five Candidates that proceeded from his house, and were placed 12th, 13th, 23rd, and 61st.—Address, A. D. SPENCER, M.A., 13 Princes Square, Haymarket, W.

**MILITARY EDUCATION at Bromsgrove House, Croydon,** under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain at the late Military College, Addiscombe. Twelve Pupils only are received. Seven have passed from this Establishment during the last two months.